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VOLUME II

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

JUNE, 1920



NUMBER 10

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PRESIDENT?..... Lynde Denig

An interesting discussion of the ultimate
entrance of the film into politics.

THE VERY PATIENT AMERICAN
..... Frederick James Smith

St. John Ervine, the famous Irish playwright,
trenchantly discusses America and Americans.

IS A NEW FORM OF STAGE ART
DAWNING?..... Walter Prichard Eaton

Stage producers apply the new stage art
to musical comedy with unusual results.

REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC
..... Lysa Ysaye Tarleau

SHADOWLAND introduces a new writer
of a gentle and whimsical philosophy.

THE DANCE IN AMERICA..... Jameson Sewell

Adolph Bolm discusses our national
attitude towards choreography.

and

INTERVIEWS WITH IRENE BORDONI
AND LEO DITRICHSTEIN

Besides

Up-to-the-Minute Departments devoted to the Stage, Fashions and
Amateur Photography.

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SHADOWLAND

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SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



OUR COLOR PLATES:

Vanda Hoff

A picturesque and colorful dancer of musical
comedy

Madge Kennedy

One of the pleasantest comedienues of the cinema

Evelyn Nesbit

Well known to the films and to vaudeville

Gloria Swanson

One of the most fascinating figures on the
silversheet

Ruth Roland

The fearless star of many popular motion picture
serials

Corinne Griffith

A favorite in the world of the photoplay

and

A color impression of Geraldine Farrar, by Wynn
Holcomb, together with a reproduction of an
original painting by John H. Dolph



Painted from Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Fanda Hoff



Painted from Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Madge Kennedy



Painted from Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Frederick Muhl



GERALDINE FARRAR
as "Zaza"

An Impression
By Wyno Holcomb

The Dance in America

An Interview with
Adolph Bolm Dis-
cussing the Na-
tional Attitude
upon Chore-
ography

By Jameson
Sewell

ADOLPH BOLM may easily be looked upon as the foremost male exponent of the dance in America. Bolm was a prominent member of the Imperial Ballet Russe when it first began to dazzle the world under the leadership of Michel Fokine and Leon Bakst some fifteen years ago. Bolm's name is an important link in the story of modern choreography.

Three years ago Bolm cast his lot wholly with America and began his pioneer work. Individually and thru his connection with the Metropolitan Opera House, he has carried it on. Now, thru his

Ballet Intime, he is waging the battle of dance education. While America has contributed several brilliant exponents of choreography to the world, notably Isadora Duncan, it has shown little national interest in the dance. For it has not understood.

"Music has seen a remarkable development in the last twenty-five years in America," says Mr. Bolm. "There is more concert activity and interest in New York today than in any three Continental cities. All this has come about because wealthy people have financed music for years, thus educating people to an appreciation of it. Consider all the orchestras playing in New York, all the daily concerts and recitals. It is remarkable. Motion pictures have, in a sense, made people understand and like better music, for all the bigger picture houses main-



Photograph by Jean de Strelecki

tain more or less effective symphony orchestras.

"Now the dance has never had a millionaire back it. Certain things have tended to debase it. Vaudeville, for instance. There an understanding of its beauties has been engulfed in a demand for tricks and stunts. 'Something difficult, something dangerous,' that is the cry in the varieties.

"One thing has strongly impressed me in my travels about America. It is the vivid impression left by the Russian Ballet—an impression to be found three years

Adolph Bolm is the foremost male exponent of the dance in America. Bolm was a member of the Imperial Russian Ballet when it first began to dazzle the world under the leadership of Michel Fokine and Leon Bakst some fifteen years ago



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

later. There is no question but that the ballet aroused a latent national interest in the dance.

"Americans are, by racial instincts, a dancing people. You have a splendid rhythmic sense, a natural grasp of beautiful plastic movement. I find the American woman an ideal dancer. She is, I am sure, more beautiful of body than the woman of any other modern land—the most beautiful since ancient Greece. For she has beauty and strength at once. One thing she lacks; endurance. She has the American desire to master a thing instantly and perform the most difficult things at once.

"Heretofore many Americans have been seriously interested in the dance, but its lack of a future has caused them to come to a pause. Once mastering the art, where in this country could they dance? In vaudeville, perhaps, where they must do things to appeal to variety audiences.

Above, Adolph Bolm and Ruth Page, one of the principal members of his Ballet Intime, in an interesting dance interlude. "Americans are, by racial instincts, a dancing people. You have a splendid rhythmic sense, a natural grasp of beautiful plastic movement. I find the American woman an ideal dancer"

Nowhere else. My ambition is simply to develop the dance everywhere, to plant the seed of future ballets, for you should have fine ballets just as you have fine orchestras. They will come in time."

Mr. Bolm spoke of the Russian Ballet—and present-day conditions in the land of the soviet.

"Everything is gone," he said. "You cannot expect people who can barely buy bread to afford ballet slippers? The ballet disappeared with the old régime. As far as we can know, it is gone—along with all traditions."

Mr. Bolm talks interestingly of Isadora Duncan and her supposed impress upon the Imperial Russian Ballet. Mr. Bolm says that, while he does not wish to limit her importance in the least, her influence upon the ballet of Russia has been overestimated by authorities.

It was in 1899, at a recital in Chicago, that Isadora Duncan gave her first dance program before an audience of students, painters and sculptors. The audience admitted that Miss



Duncan plainly had an idea, but that an understanding of it was quite beyond them. Miss Duncan was persistent and she went abroad. Then, in Paris, Berlin and Vienna she startled the artistic world. Here was something different in the dance, plastic and beautiful, far from the iron-bound ballet movements, a reincarnation of the beauty that once was Greece. Then St. Petersburg invited her to come.

Miss Duncan's appearance upon the dance horizon came at the psychological moment. Everywhere there was a dissatisfaction in the formal ballet of that time. Then came Miss Duncan—and the romantic rebellion.

"The movement was already under way before Miss Duncan's Petrograd triumph," says Mr. Bolm. "She aided it, but did not inspire it." Bolm, Nijinsky, Pavlova, Lopokowa and Karsivina were among the first of the revolutionists to join with Fokine as their head. To them came Bakst, the decorator, and Rimski-Korsakoff and the newer composers. From the legendary lore of Russia, Persia, the Caucasus and Egypt, they developed a new type of ballet, colorful, free, romantic, far from the formal thing of centuries. Then they toured the Continent, finally reaching America—and the Ballet Russe became the sensation of the artistic world."

Thus Bolm came to America.

Aside from his dancing with the ballet, Mr. Bolm is known to us best for his staging of the fantastic Rimski-Korsakoff opera, "Le Coq d'Or." To this he lent a measure of the true new Russian imagery and color.

Mr. Bolm will not be with the Metropolitan next season. He is linking up with the Chicago Opera forces for their season. After which he will again turn to his Ballet Intime—and his message to the American people.

Mr. Bolm has just been upon an interesting tour into the Middle West with his Ballet Intime.

"This is not my first visit to the center of your land," smiled Bolm. "I have come to know it well. Everywhere I find the same thing—a reaching out for dance expression. It is characteristically American, for you are a race of dancers, did you but know how to express your longings.

"The art of dancing cannot be grasped in a second. It is long and tedious—this path to an understanding of choreography. The Russian ballet began its training almost at babyhood.

"I cannot afford a big ballet, for it would require



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

huge audiences or a millionaire backer to exist. So I am giving my message with my Ballet Intime of eight. Thus I can transport choreography and its message to South Bend and Keokuk. Later on I shall give these American girls of my ballet an opportunity to appear in London."

America may easily become the world center of dance interest. For Russia, the old world capital of terpsichorean lore, is interested in other things. "Everything is gone in Russia," Bolm says. "You cannot expect people who can barely buy bread to afford ballet slippers. The ballet disappeared with the old regime. All is gone—along with all traditions"



AVONNE
TAYLOR

An interesting
study of a
piquant bit of
Ziegfeld Roof
architecture

Photograph by Alfred
Cheney Johnston



Photograph by Abbe

DOROTHY DICKSON

A dainty dancing figure in that dainty Scotch musical comedy, "Lassie"



JOSEPHINE
McLEAN
Exponent of the
Dance

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studies made
exclusively for
SHADOWLAND by
the Straus-Pey-
ton Studios





Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

GLADYS CALDWELL

Whose charming voice and personality has been a pleasant feature of the season of the American Singers Opera Company at the New York Park Theater





THE PAINTER

From an Original Painting
By John H. Dolph, N. A.



Painted from Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Gloria Swanson



Painted from Photograph by Evans, Los Angeles

Paul Roland.



Painted from Photograph by Moffett, Chicago

Prune Moffett.

Sparkling "Sophie"



Photograph
by Davis &
Sanford Co.



Emily Stevens is now appearing behind the footlights in a romantic comedy, "Sophie," written by Philip Moeller. It is a picturesque story of old France with Miss Stevens in the role of that piquant character of history, Sophie Arnaud. Claire Merse-
reau appears with Miss Stevens in the picture at the right



Photograph above and
right by White



Photographs by Charlotte Fairchild

So This Is Paris!

dressing-room which consisted of a nursery cretonne done after Kate Greenaway.

I said: "Is this cretonne your choice, Miss Bordini?"

She gave a little laugh, light, free, like a bird's. "It ees. It cheer me up when I am, what you say, melon-cholie. Those leetle faces, hid by ze so enormous bonnets. I say to myself, 'What would they say to me if they could turn around? Leetle darlings . . . they would surprise me, I know. They would laugh wiz me, at me. They are so cunning. And then, I love blue. It is my favorite of all ze couleurs.'"

"Have you the same decorative scheme at home?" I asked.

"Non, non. Another. It ees what you

THE man at the stage door looked skeptical when I said that I had an appointment with Miss Bordini in her dressing-room and would like to see her.

He looked so very skeptical that my knees wobbled the while I forced an obdurate expression and murmured recurrently the name of Mr. Levy, who had made the appointment for me. Eventually, and with a wag of his head, he conveyed my name within.

From the precincts of the dressing-room a high voice said, in accents Parisienne. "Who is it, you say? *Bien* . . . I dont know . . . *bien* . . . tell her to come in . . ." or something of the sort, more or less, and probably mercifully, vague to me.

"Her" did go in.

Three amazing things struck "her." Miss Bordini's eyes . . . of such a size . . . la, la! . . . and such a brownness, la, la! . . . and ooh, la, la, such a brilliance!

Miss Bordini's occupation at the moment, which was making up her toes a vivid shade of vermilion . . . "pour la Cleopatra," she explained with a wink.

And thirdly, the decoration of Miss Bordini's

"The French look upon the American man as slave to the American woman," says Irene Bordini. "In France a woman says to her husband: 'I go to such and such a place this afternoon,' an' he say to her, thunder-voice, 'You stay at home.' Here in America the husband he say, 'All right, darling, run along'."



By Jane Amoret

call here
'Diane' . . .
she hunt.
Ver' fascinatin'
g lady. I
love cre-
tonnes. They
tell stories all
their own."

Nursery
cretonnes and
Cleopatra's
pink. *pink*
toes were be-
ginning to un-
do me in my
interrogative
capacity. I
studied the
floor in order
to achieve a
mental stabl-
lizer, then
said, kindly
but firmly:

"Miss Bor-
doni, how do
you think the
American
stage com-
pares with
the French?
Do we take
it more seri-
ously, or no?"

"Oh, *mais*
non. *Non*.
Here you
want all *co-*
mique, all
effect. You
go to the
theater to be
amused. Al-
ways amused.
In Paris we
go to the
theater to
hear what
you call *ze*

'lines.' Much talk. It ees deeper there. Then, too, we
study for the theater in France. We have much training.
It is a mos' serious thing with us."

"What did you study?" I pursued.

"I study dramatic (pronounced "tique") but I do all
things."

"How is that?"

"I am an actress—what would you? When they say to
me over here 'you are to sing,' I say, 'I have never sing,
but I will do so.' I used to go tra. la. la. way up high in the
air, like that. But I sing now deep down, boom, boom, like
this. I am, what you say, born like zis, what would you?"

"Then they say to me over here, 'You are a dancer.' I
say, 'I never dance. Nevaire. I never do. Not now, even."



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

But I am an actress, and on the
stage I dance. The people want
to be amused. I know the
rhythm. I dance for them. I
win. They say to me, 'Who
taught you your technique?' I
remember some woman in Paris
who dance a Greek dance. I say
'She taught me.' *Vraiment*, it is
being an actress. You do not
make an actress. One is born."

Miss Bordoni shrugged her so-expressive shoulders and
rolled her brown, her brilliant eyes. "They have me do
(Continued on page 80)

Irene Bordoni com-
pares American and
French husbands
adroitly. "I have had
—both," she says. "The
American man as a
husband . . . he ees
so kind . . . so good.
He do everything for
you. You are every-
thing to him . . .
He ees divine!"



Photograph by Airted Cheney Johnston

With
the
Ziegfeld
Roof
Revues

Photograph by
Pack Bros.



Above, Beatrice Savage of the "Nine o'Clock Revue," atop the New Amsterdam Theater, and little Kathleen Martyn, a British maid, who is now one of the principals of the Ziegfeld Roof entertainments

Peggy Shaw,
one of the
prettiest of
the Ziegfeld
beauties, ap-
pears at the
right. She is
to be seen
in both the
Nine o'Clock
and Mid-
night enter-
tainments



Photograph by
Alfred Cheney
Johnston



A new photographic study of Blanche McGarity, the San Antonio, Texas, girl, who was one of the four winners of The Fame and Fortune Contest, conducted by SHADOWLAND, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Miss McGarity has a principal role in the five-reel photoplay being filmed around the 1920 Fame and Fortune girls.



Photograph © by Straus Pexson Surber

ANN PENNINGTON

The Piquant Little Figure of Musical Comedy to Be Starred in the
Next Edition of the "Scandals"



With the Amateur Photog- rapher

These three prints, submitted to SHADOWLAND's department for the amateur photographer, show a fine sense of values and an excellent simplicity of design. Inspiration was found in the simplest material. Nowhere did the photographers seek refuge in excessive soft focus, relying upon careful, straight photography



The print on the opposite page is "Night Scene" by P. A. Dietz. It is enlarged from a 5 x 7 film. Exposure 15 minutes. The print above is by Herbert M. Hilton. It was taken with a 4 x 5 Graflex. The picture at the left is "First Snow" by Mr. Dietz. It is an enlargement from a 3 x 4 film



Photograph by Nicholas Murray

The 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest is attracting even more interest than the big contest of 1919. Above appears Marcia Lee, one of the Honor Roll leaders of last year, who has re-entered the new contest. Miss Lee lives at 490 Riverside Drive, New York City, and since her entry in last year's contest has played small roles with Selznick and other productions. She is a blond type and was born in Plainfield, N. J.

Leaders in the Fame

and
Fortune
Contest



Photograph by De Haven

Above appears Florence Webster, 5911 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., another leader in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Miss Webster has had no previous screen or stage experience. She was born in Chicago. She has blue eyes, light brown hair and is exactly five feet three inches in height



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

IRENE MARCELLUS

One of the beauties of the Ziegfeld Roof entertainments, the 9 o'clock Revue and the Midnight Frolic

Half-an-Hour

Fictionized from the
Dorothy Dalton
Paramount-Artercraft
Photoplay

By Jane Ward

"I WANTED the handsomest house in London, and I bought it. I wanted a wife that knew what was what, so I bought you. There's the long and the short of it, my dear." Richard Garson sneered. The reflection in the Georgian mirror opposite showed a big, burly man, with somehow a suggestion of the uncouth about him despite meticulous tailoring. To his intense annoyance, he saw that his face was red with anger, and his great, square hands picked nervously at the fragile objects on the dressing-table.

To hide them he thrust them into his pockets, giving his image in that beastly frank mirror the suggestion of a cockney coachman rowing with his missus. He took them out, and without his intention they doubled into fists. Lady Lillian, cool, composed, faintly smiling, on the *chaise-longue*, regarded them with slightly lifted brows. Her perfect poise, mocking his crudeness, incensed him further. It was damnable, that's what it was, damnable!

"What a pity," she murmured, stifling a yawn with dainty fingers, "what a great pity. Richard, that you couldn't buy a pound's worth of manners, or even a ha'penny's worth. I really don't see what you've to complain of. You admired the cut of me, the way I was turned out, the fact that I ate my chops with the aid of a fork instead of with my fingers. Well? You got what you were after, I fancy. I've made you, even had you tolerated by society; I've shown off your handsomest house, displayed your jewels all as per contract."

She seemed to terminate the discussion by the way she took up a hand-mirror of gold and ivory and touched her hair as tho she had quite forgotten his presence. He knew that she knew very well that the action would madden him, and was unwise enough to show it.

"Gad!" he burst out, "Gad! What a useless thing you are, Lillian! I'd strike you across that beastly smile of



yours if you were worth it! But you're not even worth beating like any costermonger's woman!"

And now he felt a wry throb of pleasure to see that he had stabbed her, not to the heart, but to the quick of her pride. She had risen, very tall, very haughtily, unapproachably handsome, (he always felt proudest of her when she flaunted him), and stood looking at him with a scornful smile, but heaving bosom.

"Has it ever occurred to you," she asked, "that I might perhaps get tired of these somewhat middle-class scenes you treat me to and choose to leave you and them?"

Her husband laughed. The idea really amused him. It was too ridiculous to imagine a woman leaving a million pounds! Especially a woman to whom the soft things of life were as necessary as breath itself. "No fear of that," he chuckled; "as long as I have the chink, you'll always be my dutiful little wife. When it came right down to a test, you'd go where your bread was

Richard, she learned, was downstairs with his guests. He was expecting her. Would Madame wear the orchid chiffon or the black and silver?



She smiled faintly, drawing herself from his arms. "No time for love-making now, boy! We've years ahead for that"

battered—yes, and jammed—damn well jammed, my lady, and you know it!"

He gloated over the high disdain of her as he left her standing by her dressing-table

with her dark lashes sweeping her cheeks and not even the faintest flush marring the clear, cool whiteness of them. Gad! There was class for you! There was a woman of breeding—and she was *his*. But his pride in her was rather like his self-flattering satisfaction in viewing the *objets d'art* and priceless tapestries and fittings of the house that he had been able to afford.

Left alone, Lady Lillian stood thinking deeply for some moments. Presently she raised her dark, beautifully burnished head with a little toss, like that of some high-bred horse fretted by the halter. She went over to the ivory-and-gold telephone that stood by the bed, spoke a number into it and waited.

"Hugh—" she asked. "Hugh—I cant let you go today —alone."

At the words she listened to the color came at last, splendid, glowing. She seemed to have cast off her ultra-poise, together with discretion, and was become a mere woman creature, reaching frantically for happiness. "He is—impossible! There's no use going over that part of it, and I dont choose to whimper out my wrongs and grievances, but I do choose to make an end of them. Hugh—if you still want me, I'll go to Egypt with you."

She listened, cast a startled glance at the clock. "Only half an hour before your train leaves? I'll be at your rooms in fifteen minutes—that will give us time to taxi to Charing Cross—no, no! I wont funk it now. Good-bye till I see you——"

She almost flung the instrument to the table, pressed the button, and when her maid, correct, gaunt, like every English lady's maid, appeared, she was already tearing at the hooks of her elaborate house gown. "My tailor-made, Briggs," Lady Lillian panted, "quick! I have an important engagement—now the hat with the violets." She tried to force a note of casualness into her voice. Briggs must not suspect: No one must suspect till she was far beyond their reach.

Dressed, she dismissed the maid, rang for a taxicab and, with a frantic questioning of the clock, scrawled off a few words of explanation and confession to her husband, even in her stress taking a bitter pleasure in making them as disdainful and cruel as possible. She swept her jewels from the dressing-table, hurried downstairs and placed the letter in the drawer of the library table, hidden under the necklaces and rings that she would never wear again.

The familiar streets and buildings had a sharpened, over-clear look, as objects wear to those falling ill of a fever. Yet to look at her one would have suspected nothing but that the aristocratic and charming Lady Lillian—she had retained her title of birth in spite of her commoner marriage—was going shopping on the Strand. So much for breeding!

Hugh Paton, lean, blond and young, with a hunger in his eyes, was waiting for her at the top of his stairs. "Lillian—are you sure? I dont want to be a cad, but I love you so——"

She smiled faintly, drawing herself from his arms. "No time for love-making now, boy! We've years ahead for that." Her eyes dwelt on him with real tenderness that had something of the maternal in it. But she was English to her backbone, not given to showing

her emotions. "Are your grips packed? I didn't have time to bring a hand-bag, even. You're taking me with-out so much as a hair-brush in the world, Hugh!"

He kist her, boy and man together. "I'll run down and get a cab. Back in one minute, darlingest. Oh, I'll make you happy—I'll try all my life, you blessed . . ."

She stood listening to his footsteps thudding down the stairs. Fear gripped at her heart. The fear of what she was doing, what the world would say. To quiet it she began to gather together the scattered grips, looking at her watch—less than fifteen minutes left. They would never make the train unless he hurried, and then—horrors! Richard would find the note and there would be a scandal. She would not care so much if she were far away, wrapped around with Hugh's young, ardent love, but to hear what people whispered, to meet curious faces, cold disapproval. She looked at her watch again. He had been gone three minutes, almost four.

Ah! Footsteps on the stairs at last. She breathed freer, then frowned. They were a woman's. The door was flung wide and a little slavey, dirty face all blubbery with tears, stood on the threshold, pointing behind her, rather dreadfully. "They're bringing him, Miss," she stammered; "awful good-hearted, he was. He give me sixpence many's the time . . ."

Lady Lillian was shaking her with cold fingers. "What has happened, girl? Who are they bringing?" Would the creature never stop her ridiculous uproar and answer? Ah!—"Mr. Hugh—Miss—kilt by a bus—"

The room whirled about Lady Lillian. She uttered no cry, but it seemed to her that she shrieked the word aloud. Killed! One instant she had of grieving, self-

lessly, for the eager, ardent young life gone without warning. Then she forgot Hugh in a great wave of self-pity. If she had been another, lesser woman, she would have cried, gone into hysterics, but being Lady Lillian, whom Richard Garson had married for her poise, she stood, cold and white as a statue, while they brought the poor limp thing that had so lately kist her with warm, tremulous lips into the room and laid it on the couch. A crowd had gathered on the stairs, with awful pleasure in the gruesome event, satisfying their appetite for horror by peering up the stairs as the doctor pushed thru and by.

"Poor lady!" Lillian brought herself with an effort to the fact that a pleasant man of middle age and professional appearance was before her, speaking compassionately. "You have one comfort, at least, Mrs. Paton—your husband died without knowing a single pain. You must let me give you something quieting and send a telegram for you to some relative."

The Lady Lillian shrank at his words. She spoke thru dry lips. "Oh, no! You don't understand. I'm not—you musn't bring any one here." She wrung her hands, and his eyes, following their gesture, saw that they were very soft, white hands, with white circles where rings had been about the tapering fingers. The rooms where she stood were decent but unpretentious. The poor, mangled figure yonder wore ready-made clothes and shabby shoes, while her dress—

The doctor's face hardened. His voice became stern and

The doctor's face hardened. His voice became stern and dry. "I see. You are not Mrs. Paton. Then my advice to you is to go, by way of the back stairs—at once!"





But behind her one white hand fumbled desperately in the narrow slit of the opened drawer. . . . the note! Where was the note? If she could get it before Richard thought the thing which was already forming in his brain

what shall I do?"

The doctor turned away indifferently. His square shoulders seemed to snub her. "You can surely find work. I'm sorry, but I really can't offer advice. There are times in life when one must decide for himself, times that test us. One thing certain, it can do you no good, nor this poor fellow here, for you to stay."

Lady Lillian spiritually reached for and donned her garment of haughtiness. This—*person* dared to despise her! She would never see him again, of course, but his was typical of the attitude of the world toward women who broke its rules. And she—*she*, Lady Lillian Garson, had deliberately called this down upon herself! She had given way to impulse like a housemaid in a tiff more from pique than because of any flaming passion for Hugh, tho she had thought herself in love with him.

dry. "I—see. You are *not* Mrs. Paton. Then my advice to you is to go, by way of the back stairs, at once."

"But—where?" She shuddered as the full knowledge of her situation swept over her. "I've given up everything. I can't even go to a hotel—I haven't a penny. Oh,

She left the dreadful lodgings, the condemnatory doctor, the bloody heap on the couch somehow, and came out into the light of the late summer sunset. She drew her veil down nervously, looked about automatically for a taxicab and remembered that she had no money. Her even white teeth caught at her lip. It was simply unthinkable! She pictured the drawing-room of the great house on Grosvenor Square with actual longing. It seemed so safe, so desirable, with its soft, deep chairs and carpets, its evidences of the luxury her soul craved on every hand—and the jewels and the letter in the half-opened table drawer!

Then Lady Lillian began to hurry with frantic steps along the pavement, whose roughness hurt her delicately shod feet cruelly. Richard had spoken that morning about guests for dinner—Mr. and Mrs. Redding, a pair of well-born bores who never missed an opportunity to dine well off their friends and to insult those same friends behind their backs after dinner. There was to be another man, she remembered, one of her husband's club acquaintances, whom she had never met. Her fastidious disgust at the notion of receiving a stranger whose manners might be anything and everything that was objectionable, had precipitated the quarrel of the morning.

Perhaps, screamed her coward soul, perhaps he had not yet found the

(Continued on page 68)

HALF-AN-HOUR

Fictionized from the scenario by Clara Beranger, adapted from the play by James M. Barrie. Produced by Paramount-Artcraft, starring Dorothy Dalton. Directed by Harley Knowles. The cast:

Lady Lillian	Dorothy Dalton
Richard Garson	Charles Kellman
Dr. Brodie	Frank Losee
Earl of Westford	H. Cooper Cliffe
Hugh Paton	Albert Barrett
Susie	Hazel Kearney



Messaguer Visits Broadway



Messaguer, the famous owner-editor of *Social* of Havana, Cuba, recently visited New York and gave his pen impressions to SHADOWLAND. Here we have Elsie Janis, Raymond Hitchcock, (center) S. Jay Kaufman, the clever "Round the Town" columnist of the *New York Globe*, Ibanez, the Spanish author of "The Four Horsemen," now lecturing in this country and, last but hardly least, the piquant little Frances White. Further Messaguer impressions will appear in subsequent numbers of SHADOWLAND



Messaguer
1 9 2 0



A MUSICAL COMEDY
TROUBADOUR:

**WILDA
BENNETT**

Miss Bennett is
now appearing in
the Kreisler
operetta, "Apple
Blossoms"

Photograph by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

Can Motion Pictures Elect a President?

By Lynde Denig

At a luncheon of motion picture manufacturers and theater managers a few weeks ago, a prominent producer advanced the startling assertion that in 1924 the screens of the country will elect the President of the United States. Unfortunately the atmosphere was not conducive to communicating with the spirits of Horace Greeley, or Charles Dana, or James Gordon Bennett; otherwise there might have been interesting comments to record relative to the presumptuous upstart, the lowly movies, the despised stepchild of the legitimate drama that threatens to usurp the place of popular leader—bosh! The "power of the press," likewise the persuasive orator leaning over the tail of a wagon to reach the ear of the "pee-pul," were forgotten in the applause that greeted the tribute to the growing influence of the motion picture.

If the speaker had stopped right here, all would have been rosy; but no, he went further. He ushered in Wall Street, introduced it as the mysterious, grasping, capitalistic octopus of familiar repute; then closed with the cheerful thought that, "Wall Street will get you if you don't watch out."

The conclusion is simple: Political propaganda thrown on the screen is going to exert a tremendous influence on the electorate. Wall Street is not averse to having a voice in the government, and as a means to that end is aiming to control theaters and the output of great producing companies manufacturing millions of feet of film every year. The sum of two and two, according to the application of political mathematics, equals Washington, 1924. A bit fantastic, no doubt, but America has a way of turning seemingly fantastic notions into facts—prohibition, for instance.

The public has been duly impressed with the magnitude of the motion picture industry; it has read of the millions of dollars invested in production yearly, of the fabulous sums paid Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks;

of the great studios on the coast. It has been taught to regard D. W. Griffith with something of the reverence customarily accorded Belasco, and it has come to include photoplays and players among the topics of everyday conversation; in fact, the public has been thoroly fed up on press agents' yarns, many of them partly true, all of them colorful. Even our colleges are introducing courses in writing for the screen, and it is now the fashion for authors of repute to talk hopefully of "the new art," while they dip their hands into the producers' money-bags. No product in America is being more systematically and effectively publicized, yet the romance of the business is all but passed by in favor of the romance of a new and popular art. If motion pictures are the infant prodigy of the theater, they are equally astounding in the annals of finance. And having proven so surprising in the past, who can say what they will bring in the future? Should the next ten years at all parallel the last ten, the answer is, "almost anything."

Not until approximately 1909 did motion pictures graduate from the stage of an amusement curiosity to the dignity of a legitimate, established business.

At the close of 1919, however, they had passed thru two distinct phases and entered upon a third. These periods may be classified as the General Film era, the Independent era and the Wall Street era.

From the very beginning the tendency has been towards combination and monopoly. The General Film Company, an outgrowth of the Motion Picture Patents Company, was a combination of producing and distributing companies all-powerful in its day. For several years, these companies, among which Biograph, Pathé, Vitagraph, Edison, Lubin, Essanay and Kalem were leaders, supplied exhibitors with a film service of one- and two-reel pictures. Their rule was autocratic. As there was no competition worthy of consideration, the allied producers dominated the mar-



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

SUCH IS SCREEN COLLABORATION

An interesting away-from-the-typewriter moment of those clever scenario writers, John Emerson and Anita Loos (Mrs. Emerson)

SHADOWLAND

ket and in the flush of power even cut an exhibitor off their list if he ventured to show a film made by an outsider. Eventually the General Film Company was found guilty of violating the anti-trust laws, but prior to that long delayed decision, strong opposition had arisen.

Carl Laemmle and his associates in the Universal Film Company deserve as much credit as any individuals for giving the Independents a foothold. Coarsely, crudely, with black type, the independents jimmied their way into theaters, while the General Film officials, secure in their smug superiority, maintained a "too proud to fight" attitude. But for all the vigor of the early David's attack on the ten-armed Goliath, it seems that the real beginning of the end of the General Film Company came with the founding of the Famous Players Film Company by Adolph Zukor in 1912. It meant a readjustment of the entire plane on which the General Film Company had produced and distributed film; it meant that the established leaders must follow the lead of others; it meant the death of monopoly, at least in its original form.

For the next few years, the heyday of the independent producers, the film district had all the allure of a Texas oil field. So-called feature pictures were turned out in great numbers, mostly by optimists with small capital, who hoped to get quick returns by selling to what is termed in the trade, the State rights market. The busiest man in New York was said to be engaged in changing the names on the door of an office building tenanted by motion picture concerns. Market conditions were chaotic, the wastage was enormous, failures were numerous, but the demand for photoplays steadily increased as new and larger theaters were opened. The problem was to devise a system whereby this demand might be supplied at a maximum profit to the producer.

There is no need to examine the various cure-all schemes advanced during this period; the protective alliances formed by exhibitors; the attempts to bring at least a semblance of harmony between producer and exhibitor; the misunderstandings and temporary reconciliations—all inevitable, no doubt, in the adolescent state of a complex organism not guided by any precedent. The



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe, London

THOMAS BURKE

Mr. Burke is the author of "Limehouse Nights," those highly colored stories of the London slums where the Orient squats at the portals of the West, which have attracted so much attention. It was upon one of these stories that D. W. Griffith based "Broken Blossoms"

creators of this new force in American life were uncertain about the nature of what they had created and how it should be governed. Obviously, it was a part of the theater; but the principles of showmanship as applied to legitimate stage plays did not suffice for companies with costly studios to support, distributing offices, called exchanges, in some sixteen or twenty cities, and hundreds of employees, all told entailing a weekly overhead of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Conditions had changed too radically to permit of a return to the smoothly oiled commercial machine operated by the General Film Company; but the trend was toward consolidation among the more powerful factors in the business. The aim of each group was to tie up enough theaters on a yearly contract to assure a return on the money invested in each picture, irrespective of individual merit. Trade-marks were established as repre-

sents a stable quality of entertainment on which a theater manager might rely.

Enter Wall Street, in response to urgent invitations from producers whose cash did not balance with their prospects. Now the entrance of Wall Street, check book in hand, does not mean, of course, that there had been no earlier intercourse between the lower end of Manhattan and the Times Square film belt. But heretofore the attitude of the portly gentleman with the top hat had been benevolent, expressing a willingness to assist an aggressive youngster over rough places that he might have a chance to grow up and show what sort of stuff was in him. Sooner than was to be expected, Wall Street conceded that the youngster, spendthrift though he was, might be trusted with a bank account. Since then, the bronze doors of the Street have opened readily and often at the touch of the fingers of the picture magnate, who has learnt to take his place at the council table of finance in this—the Wall Street era of motion pictures.

The status of the film industry no longer is in question, as it was in the early days of photoplays. It is definitely placed in the realm of big business conducted on principles that have been applied to other great manufacturing

(Continued on page 66)

Without Benefit of Theory

By Gladys Hall

LEO Ditrichstein has developed into a shrine at which your ultra theater-goer worships.

He is, in a sense, a cult.

He will be a tradition.

He will be remembered, as he is beloved, for his finesse, for his charm-tinged sophistication, for the intellect back of his performances, for the brains behind the brawn. He is sensitized. He is subtle. He is ironic. He is consummate.

You have heard Feminine Persons talk.

When he played "The King," there was a scene, as I recall it, in which he strokes the swanlike throat of one of his inamoratas and murmurs in his slightly accented voice,



Photographs by White

Leo Ditrichstein is, in a sense, a cult—a tradition. He will be remembered, as he is beloved, for his finesse, for his charming sophistication, for the intellect back of his performances. The photographs on this page show Mr. Ditrichstein as the dashing chevalier of "The Purple Mask"

"How pretty your hair grows round your neck." The phrase became a catchword in New York.

I longed to meet him. And I felt a certain timidity.

Creating, as he has, a distinctive type, a series of quasi-cynical rôles, especially as regards women, I felt curious to discover how much of this attitude was artist and how much man.

I thought: "He will be theoretical. Probably in a sort of Nietzschean sense, or more so. He will be analytical. I will leave his dressing-room feeling like a bleached bone. Schopenhauer . . . Haeckel . . . they will be kindly apostles of Feminism by contrast.

At first, as he came from his dressing-room to meet me, I did not know him. I admit it. In my mind's eye were slightly swaggering images of The King, The Great Lover, The Marquis De Priola, suave, sinister, damnable, lovable. Before me stood a kindly appearing person in a fur-lined coat, with thinning hair, who did not swagger and was certainly not damnable. He helped me down the stairs, and I thought of a line in "Priola" to the effect that women's hearts are soft carpets fit to walk upon. So strongly, so deliberately, so consummately, had the

(Continued on page 70)



Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

[REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC introduces a new writer to SHADOWLAND readers. Lisa Ysaye Tarleau is a frequent contributor to the Atlantic and other leading literary magazines and is the author of an unique book of essays, "The Inn of Disenchantment." She has a gentle, whimsical style distinctive in American letters. REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC will continue in future issues of SHADOWLAND.]

BITTER ALMONDS

1

THE Friend gave the Young Man a letter to the Great Master. "Master," it said in the letter, "pray help this worthy Young Man. He is poor, he is diligent, and he has a large family. Furthermore, he is extremely modest." The Master read the letter and a terrible anger darkened his brow; his eyes were flaming with indignation, his hand was balled to a fist, and with a thundering voice he addressed the Young Man: "Impudent creature! What have you ever done in your life that gives you the right to be modest?"



Photograph by Bruguiere

JOHN BARRYMORE AS RICHARD III

Sudden illness—a nervous breakdown—cut short Mr. Barrymore's remarkable success in his revival of "Richard III." Next season will doubtless see Mr. Barrymore's return to this role

2

The princess had decided that she would only marry a real, a great wizard. She would have a wizard who knew all the magic secrets, who could pronounce all strange and hidden and long-forgotten words, and who was master over the dark and tempting dreams that sleep in the labyrinthine recesses of our heart. One day there came a stranger to her court who pleased her greatly. His eyes had just the right color, his hands just the right shape, his voice the one desirable sound. If she had not been a princess, she would have loved him at once, but as it was, she showed him marked attention. The question was only—was he a wizard? He assured the princess again and again that he possessed all mystic and secret knowledge and that he knew the hidden depths of the heart; nevertheless, she had her doubts, and at last she denied him her love and sent him away. Years passed by. The princess was a lonely woman, saddened and disenchanted, and the bitterness of a lost and futile life burdened her heart. And one day she met quite by accident the man whom she had loved in the days of her youth. He also seemed tired and weary, and he also had not found the happiness that had been hers to give or to withhold; and they looked at each other with the regret of passed and useless years burning in their souls. At last the princess exclaimed passionately: "Ah, it was all your fault. The bitterness of the years gone by and the sadness of this very hour—you are to blame for it. If you had only done a wonder—I should have believed in you." But the wizard shook his head and said, sadly smiling: "No, beloved one, the fault was yours. If you had only believed in me—I should have done wonders."

3

Donna Quixotta was riding out into the wide, wide world. Her armor was shining gold, her eyes were clear and bright and joyful, her lips sweet and young and tender, and her heart filled with the keen happiness of expectation and wonder. Atlas, the old, who carries the world on his shoulders and has seen many a dark and bitter thing, was touched by her youth and loveliness and by the light shining in her eyes, and he asked her: "Where do you ride to, fair one? What are you seeking?" "I ride out to find Love," said Donna Quixotta, and she gave Atlas one of her sweet, joyful and tender smiles. Years after she was riding back on the same road. The gold of her armor was spotted and tarnished, her eyes were sad and darkened, her lips hard and bitter and scornful, her heart weary and cold. Old Atlas looked at her with surprise. "Are you not the one who was riding out to find Love?" he asked. "Yes," answered Donna Quixotta; "I am the one you met and called fair. I am the one who was seeking Love." "And what did you find?" asked Atlas, curious at the strange change in her. "Oh—well—adventures," replied Donna Quixotta, shrugging her shoulders. And she smiled again.



Is a New Form of Stage Art Dawning?

By Walter Prichard Eaton

AS I sat in the Maxine Elliott Theater, watching an early performance of "What's in a Name?" John Murray Anderson's musical entertainment, (one hardly knows what more specific term to apply to it), I had a curious sensation, as if out of the midst of gauzes, the folds of heavy draperies, the gorgeously costumed crowds beneath those towering screens, I were watching some new form of art struggling to get itself born. And I still wonder if I were not actually watching just that.

The new stagecraft, about which we have heard so much, is many things to many men; but one thing it is not, and that is literal, realistic. It is, rather, symbolic, suggestive, striving for some deep, underlying unity which shall fuse all the



elements of a production into a single mood and impression. For that very reason, it has failed to make much headway in our theater, because our drama is for the most part literal and we demand literal staging. It has made its way into popular favor, so far as it has won popular favor, in such productions as Arthur Hopkins' "Richard III" and in the fantastic dramas in the experimental theaters. There is, however, one striking exception to this; in our musical comedies and reviews the wider public has not only tolerated, but welcomed numerous flirtings with the new imaginative stagecraft. Ziegfeld

Top, the music box number of "What's In a Name," and, left, Margaret Petit, as she appears in the same interlude

Both Photographs by White

in his "Follies" has employed Joseph Urban for some time as his designer, for example, and while his experiments have not been whole-hearted nor daring, at the same time they have often resulted in a beauty previously unknown.

Of course, this is but natural, when you stop to think. Our musical entertainments are about as far removed from the literal, from reality, as anything could well be, and the producer and designer can let his imagination have full swing without jarring anybody's sense of illusion. Instead of the frightfully ugly backdrops we used to see, depicting the Casino at Monte Carlo or a ballroom at the Ritz, or Times Square at 11 P. M., against which the most beautiful gown or the most beautiful girl was half swallowed up, why not use a plain cloth flooded with just the color of light essential to bringing out the full harmonies of the costumes? Or why not use tall screens of mystic implication, or translucent gauzes, or somber tapestries? Why not, indeed, evidently said Mr. Anderson, and staged "What's in a Name?" without



Left, Margaret Smoller in the Japanese number of "What's in a Name," and, below, the tableau of the brides of the centuries

one single square foot of "scenery" in the traditional sense.

Instead, his scenery consists of a plain, dark velvet curtain just behind the fore-stage; a semicircle of tall screens behind the full stage, perfectly plain screens, but reversible to show a Japanese design for one dance number; a white cloth to flood with yellow or mysterious blue, and a black cloth to absorb all lights; a huge tapestry to suggest an ancestral castle; and the lights—and then again the lights, and once more the lights.

There is a pretty song about a Dresden shepherd and shepherdess upon a music-box, and the curtains part to show the pair revolving on their box, to its tinkling strains, against the naked back drop flooded with golden-yellow radiance. Out come half a dozen little ballet dancers, as golden as the light. There is a pretty dance and pantomime, while the music tinkles—

(Continued on page 74)

Both photographs by White





"'OP O' ME THUMB" IN THE FILMS

An interesting character study of Mary Pickford in her newest film vehicle,
taken exclusively for SHADOWLAND by Abbe

The piquant Mlle. Spinelly, who hails direct from that dear Paris, is at the left, while Lillian Lorraine can be observed at the right in the telephone number of the 9 o'Clock Revue

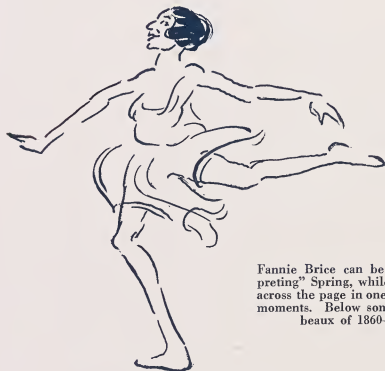


Little Mary Hay is just at the right—and very much all right



Roof Revelries

By Ethel Plummer



Fannie Brice can be observed at the left "interpreting" Spring, while W. C. Fields is caught just across the page in one of his absent-minded juggling moments. Below some of the Ziegfeld belles and beaux of 1860—plus 1920 tendencies



Ethel Plummer



Photograph © by Evans, L. A.

The World's Most Famous Bridegroom
Otherwise DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

The Very Patient American

Is the Standardization of Thought Crushing Initiative in this Country? Asks St. John Ervine

By Frederick James Smith

AFTER his three months' lecture tour of this country, St. John Ervine, the Irish playwright, draws an interesting impression of America. He sees an amazing system directed towards the standardization of public opinion in the United States—and he finds its effects running thru all phases of life, from our drama and magazine literature to our very mode of existing.

Mr. Ervine is a young and brilliant observer. His vigorous and searching dramas, "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg," testify to that. Only recently he came out of the world war with the loss of his right leg in Flanders fields. He was wounded in May, 1918, and his recovery was slow and painful, finally culminating in his visit to America last winter. He talks hesitatingly and thoughtfully, with the slow concern of the student. Never for a moment does he suggest the man cock-sure of his opinion. Indeed, his impressions, he points out, are individual mental reactions. But they are interesting, nevertheless.

"The first—and vividest—thing that impresses me about America," began Mr. Ervine, "is your singular patience. Where I had been expecting a vigorous, assertative people, I found something entirely different. And I found this everywhere. You pay your money in your underground railways to be trampled and stifled, to be thrown off or crushed. You hang upon the steps of your train cars, shrieked at by conductors. And you never once protest. The American public does not expect anything different.

"It may sound like racial conceit to say this would never exist in England. But, actually, it would not. When the war disrupted our underground railway service in London, the company posted printed apologies everywhere in the tubes. Imagine an apology here. But an Englishman would never tolerate these things without realizing it was for a cause and that an improvement would be made



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

ST. JOHN ERVINE

as soon as possible.

"This patience first struck me in your theaters. Plays are advertised to start at 8:15 or 8:30 o'clock, and never yet have I seen one begin on time. Twenty-five minutes is the average delay. Yet audiences wait patiently, without complaint or outward manifestation of displeasure. And you never applaud vigorously and never hiss. Your audiences are apathetic.

"How do I account for this singular patience, if I may call it that? It is the American standardization of opinion. Your schools are identical, turning out young people exactly alike. Your newspapers are alike. Your very towns and villages are alike. I have watched them from train windows and, if you have seen one, you have seen them all.

"All this has a vital influence upon the public mind. Consider your magazines. *The Saturday Evening Post* is typical. These publications might be edited and written by one man. The stories are all from the same mould, presenting the successful business man who thinks of nothing but business. They are skillfully written, but mere literary machinery, adroit but lifeless. The characters are not real men. There is no literature in this—and no hope of literature.

"There is a tremendous amount of efficiency about everything you do. But there is no life, no personal note. Literature, to be literature, must be the expression of very individual feeling.

"Everywhere I note an indifference to the beauty of language. I am confident that the chief source of this debasement is your comic newspaper supplements and drawings. The comic 'strips,' such as Mutt and Jeff, are syndicated in thousands of papers in the far corners of your land. I found people reading them everywhere, in diners, hotels and theaters. The slang and the cheap expressions, thus continually repeated, are wearing away

(Continued on page 65)

SHADOWLAND



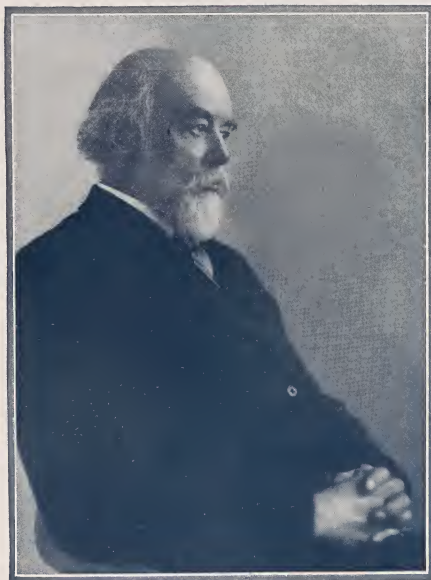
Photograph by Moffatt



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

Shadowland Presents—

George Ade has a place in SHADOWLAND's first gallery of notables because of his unique position in American letters as a humorist, as well as a playwright



Mrs. Sidney Drew wins her place because of her notable work in developing the screen comedy. Before Mrs. Drew came to the films, comedy was an awful thing of pies and slapstick. Now Mrs. Drew is turning to the serious cinema drama

Sir Oliver Lodge holds a place in world affairs as a scientist, aside from his labors in delving into the mystic field of psychic phenomena. And no one can question the sincerity of his labors

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

"Florodora" Returns—The New Stage Art Applied to Jazz and Euripides

By The Critic

Illustrations by Wynn Holcomb



Theda Bara as the lady without a soul in "The Blue Flame"



Lionel Barrymore in "The Letter of the Law"

THE New York musical stage is undergoing its ultimate reaction against jazz, the shimme and sundry other melodic and terpsichorean refinements emanating from the Barbary Coast.

Consider, for instance, the revival of that placid but tinkling memory of the last generation, "Florodora." The choristers actually shake nothing but their heads in this! Astonishing—but true.

"Florodora" is chiefly remembered for its famous sextette, the members of which became a Broadway vogue and, it appears, eventually moved into palatial Pittsburgh residences.

The 1920 "Florodora" sextette is rather trim, but the real honors of the revival go to Eleanor Painter, who sings charmingly, and George Hassell, who is uproariously funny for a few moments. Sometime this Hassell is going to get a rôle worthy of him.

Aside from the historical interest, "Florodora" in its new form is rather pleasant. We haven't a doubt but that it is at least fifty per cent. better than the original.

Another *à bas* la shimme musical entertainment is "Lassie," a soothing little thing constructed about Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty Mackaye." Herein the choristers divide their time between doing the highland fling in the Scotch hills and minuetting in

picturesque London of the '60's. In this Tessa Kosta sings delightfully.

At almost the same disconcerting moment two diversified entertainments presented themselves in the New York theater with all the colorful aids of the most modern of modern stagecraft. One was the Medea of Euripides, as presented by Maurice Browne, and the other was the more modern musical revue of John Murray Anderson, "What's in a Name?"

Since the Medea has existed some 2,300 years and anything we may say isn't likely to seriously affect it one way or the other, we shall glance at "What's in a Name?" first.

The footlight drama has here and there accepted the new stagecraft, mostly with reservations. But musical comedy has largely been satisfied with drops graphically indicating the beach at Ostend, the hotel terrace at Nice or the lobby of the Ritz. Flo Ziegfeld, it is true, employs Joseph Urban rather conservatively.

Then—lo and behold—along comes Anderson—or, rather, his scenic creator, James Reynolds—with a

whole revue wrapped in shimmering lights, gauze draperies, gorgeous—and imaginative—gowns, plus simple—and yet lofty—screens for backgrounds. The thing seems almost too dazzling and beautiful at times to be true. Of course,

Anderson isn't always artistically successful, but there are moments running into the exquisite.

"What's in a Name?" actually stirs the imagination. There is a singularly fine pantomime interlude anent a music box, with its Dresden shepherd and shepherdess, and again a remarkably imaginative



Clifton, Webb, Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard in "As You Were"



John Barrymore as the sinister Richard III

ambitious endeavor, considering the limitations confronting him. For the tragedy of the barbarian Medea is a mighty thing. We look upon Euripides as a very promising playwright.

It is odd how modern is the feministic reasoning of the jealousy-maddened Medea. Men have loved and deserted since cave days, but it is doubtful if any one has found more burning words for the woman than Euripides gave to Medea. Indeed, Medea is more modern than many ladies of our 1920 drama. And the chorus of the Medea hymns the rise of woman to world power with uncanny discernment.

Ellen Van Volkenburg, (Mrs. Browne), is the Medea. She sounds a consistent feminine note and gives a well considered reading, altho at no time does she strike the tragic fire required. Mr. Browne stages the tragedy interestingly, handling his chorus of six rather well and revealing some new ideas of stagecraft. These deal principally with lighting. Like the Griffith theory presented in "Broken Blossoms," he believes in colors to interpret moods.

Thus, amid the always darkened stage, rays of white light flash to green in moments of jealous rage and again to red to "register" anger. Judging from Mr. Browne's presentation of Athens, the city was as dark as Brooklyn most of the time.

We found "Jane Clegg," St. John Ervine's drama presented by the Theater Guild, to be one of those drab English bits of entertainment. "Jane

scene, before a superb tapestry effect, presenting a review of the brides of the various centuries.

The whole thing is so tastefully done and the costuming is so colorful, (indeed, there are inspired moments of gown designing), that we almost neglected to mention the players. There is a chorus absolutely restful to the eye, and the principals, as far as we can recall them amid the glowing colors, were effective enough, particularly one little person of verve and live-wire dancing, Gloria Foy. But a rough vaudeville turn supplied by Williams and Wolfus does not fit into this rainbow revue.

In attempting the Medea of Euripides, Mr. Browne launched himself upon a pretty

Clegg" is compelling, however, and all that; a drear tale of the disintegration of a home thru the utter worthlessness of the lying and deceiving husband. He's an awful rotter, really, even maintaining what Mr. Ervine whimsically describes as a "fancy woman."

Probably Americans will start writing these dark grey domestic dramas just as soon as they can locate an authentic instance of home life in this country. Margaret Wycherly as the wife and Dudley Digges as the middle-class husband with upper-class connubial ideas are admirable.

"Mama's Affair," Rachel Butler's comedy, struck us as being one of the two best native comedies of the season, the other being "Clarence." The merciless producers, it would seem, wanted to kill it. Aside from giving it an awful title, they dubbed it "the Harvard prize play."

If "Mamma's Affair" can stagger thru these two handicaps, anything can happen. But, really, it is a finely done comedy, possessing a distinction and a gently human telling. It revolves around a hypochondriacal mother—a woman who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills and who saps the very life of her daughter. How a country physician brings the girl to the glow of health—and love—forms the foundation of the theme.

This rôle of the girl, won from hysteria to health, is faultlessly done by Ida St. Leon.

The Coburns attempted to duplicate the hit of their "The Better 'Ole" with a mild little musical comedy of Dixie, yclept "Three Showers." This piece might well be added to the general reaction against blatant jazz, but it is too weak to exist long. "Three Showers" isn't as refreshing as its title.

Frederick Arnold Kummer attempted to satirize Greenwich Village in "The Bonehead." Heaven knows, there is plenty to satirize in that neighborhood, but Kummer neatly missed everything. Out of this weird variety sketch atmosphere stands a vivid figure, one Nita Naldi. This Kummer is a genius, having sold "The Bonehead," "The Golden Girl" and "The Magic Melody" in one year.



Willie Collier is a comic figure in "The Hottentot"



Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield in "Look Who's Here"

My Lady Fashion

By The Rambler

THERE is so much talk of this and that in the world of fashion that spring and early summer seems overcrowded with a number of things. Variety is said to be the spice of life, and it might be easily said that it is also the spice of fashion.

However hectic the dance Paris has led us in decades past, it is nothing to her variability since the armistice. No sooner does she send forth an edict than it is contradicted by another, and with neither explanation nor apology. A day spent in the ateliers of Paris, where the latest exhibitions of styles are alluringly staged, makes one sure that the imagination of her designers has embodied the forms of things unknown hitherto in the realm of women's dress and literally gives to airy nothings places and uses never dreamed of in the dressmaker's philosophy.

Egypt and Assyria have been the source of ideas for hand decorations of gowns, blouses and evening wraps, as well as the inspiration of strong, daring color contrasts. Ruby-purple, violet and blue, for instance, are combined in beautiful effects in formal dresses set off with gold laces or jeweled embroidery and fancy waistcoat of the violet and purple shades. More of the vivid colors impress one, too, in models for sports and resort apparel and also in millinery.

One finds it hard to place one's finger on a certain silhouette and proclaim it foremost, for there are very chic frocks with fulness about the hips, and there are equally smart models which adhere to the straight effect. In the spring collection of an authoritative French designer the long admired straight-line contour is a decided favorite. The youth-giving appearance is conserved in most interesting ways, while frills, furbelows and fascinating adaptations of Oriental costumes supply fashion interest in truly feminine form.

Among the latest models are street dresses with high necks and standing collars and full-length fitted sleeves. These are designed along more or less straight lines, with



Photograph by Geisler & Andrews

slightly tapered upper body part, and often with pleats in the skirt. Girlish frocks show more or less fulness on the sides, but the distended overskirts give place to more graceful and less cumbersome arrangements for women out of their teens.

New model afternoon gown designed by Mme. Frances

There are three fundamental types or silhouettes on which almost every sort of modish garment is based. These are the straight line, a model with a slightly tapering or semi-fitted bodice with flaring or rippled bottom and another model much on the Russian blouse style with waistline placed low. The low waistline is much used in dresses and suits. Coat-wraps have a tendency to carry out the same contour with seam or belt at the low line.



tached at the hips. Taffeta and serge are combined in attractive suits made in one color and also in combinations of plain jackets with fancy checked or plaid skirts.

For street and afternoon wear, taffeta is the leading silk employed. Navy, brown, beige or rust color is correct, and equally favored are soft, lustrous, changeable taffetas, which are made up mostly with self trimmings. The fitted waist is usually featured in taffeta frocks with short sleeves and bouffant skirts. Softer materials, such as crepe de chine, lend themselves to the draped skirt with drawn-in bottom or else to pleated effects. Foulards share favor with taffeta for afternoon dresses, and their trimmings include organdie, net and lace. Either black or white lace is used on taffeta dresses. Flouncings of lace figure extensively on dresser gowns. Summer dancing frocks are made of Chantilly lace in skirt-depth or in flounces placed one above the other over a foundation of net or chiffon.

Among the cotton things which we will wear are fine, sheer, flowered voiles that are almost like chiffon, as well as old-fashioned cross-barred dimities, very fine in weave and of silky finish. These have the bars

(Continued on page 70)

Left, dinner dress designed by Mme. Frances; below, a dancing frock of the latest Frances creation

Photograph by Geisler & Andrews

Etons will be seen in great numbers, for it is a style that is becoming to almost every one. There is a tendency to wear a skirt of contrasting material with these smart little jackets, and often the skirt is developed in plaid material of a rather striking color scheme and is accordion-pleated. Accordion-pleated skirts are shown a great deal of partiality. When developed in woolen materials they are quite swagger for walking and sports wear. In soft silks and crepe de chine, they are seen on many little frocks for informal and afternoon wear. Pleated skirts of every kind are foremost for suits and for wear with odd blouses. A beautiful sports costume has a side-pleated skirt of white sports silk with a band of blue satin at knee depth. With this skirt there is a slip-over blouse and a straight cape which is lined with blue and buttoned high at the throat.

The chemise type of dress takes on new interest when developed in two contrasted materials, such as navy tricolette with beige taffeta, the latter forming the straight upper part, with the skirt at-



The Slim Princess

By Ann

Paul



Morovenia, Turkey. It is terrible to be a curse to one's family. It is terrible to be the stumbling-block between one's desirous-of-marriage sister and the consummation of that desire. It is more terrible to come up against custom. It is most terrible of all to be thin. I call it slim. My father, the Governor-General of Morovenia, does not. When his eyes alight upon me, great and heavy are his lamentations, furious and despairing his gestures.

All the women in Morovenia are fat. Oh, exceedingly fat. To weigh two hundred pounds is to be possessed of mere average pulchritude. Two hundred and fifty entitles a woman to a more than tepid admiration and many, many chances of marriage with high officials and other dignitaries. To weigh three hundred pounds is to be a belle in Morovenia, more priceless than precious stones, more desired than the kingdom of Allah. My sister, Jeneka, is such a one. She weighs three hundred and three pounds and nine and one-quarter ounces. She has, even, greater expectations. She sits, all day, upon an ottoman with many squashy cushions and eats more than much Turkish delight and pastes and sweet sugared almonds. She has four chins and is considered marvelously lovely. Prince Luis Muldova seeks her hand in marriage . . . and there you are at the crux of my predicament. Jeneka cannot marry because of me. It is a most sacred

custom of my country that a younger sister may not wed before her older sister is wed. I am not wed. I never will be. No man will have me. I am a jest. I am a curse. Who, my father exhorts his god, who, what self-respecting man would care to rest his head upon a bone? I am thin. Jeneka is single. My father is frantic, Morovenia is disgusted. Small wonder my mother died when she gave birth to such a monstrosity. I am most unhappy.

Morovenia, a week later. I am not *always* unhappy. Popova, who is my tutor, tells me such is the case with youth. Up and down, he says, sunshine and wet, day and night—it goes that way. Then, too, my mirrors tell me I am not so ugly as my father would have me believe, even tho I am *th-slim*. My face has flowery tints and there are curves. Of course, there are no double chins, and that is bad.

We do not have such a bad time of it *all* the time, Popova and I. Now and then Jeneka thinks of her Prince Luis and goes into rages, and my father, the Governor-General, gets to thinking, too, and there are rather horrible times, but in between there are lulls, and Popova and I eat pickles and limes and are very evil. Popova hates my father and wants revenge. I do not hate him, being my father and I his daughter, but I

THE SLIM PRINCESS

Told in story form from the scenario of Gerald C. Duffy based upon George Ade's comedy. Produced by Goldwyn, starring Mabel Normand. Directed by Victor L. Schertzinger. The cast:

Kalora	Mabel Normand
Pike	Hugh Thompson
Popova	Tully Marshall
Governor-General	Russ Powell
Jeneka	Mildred Lloyd
Detective	Harry Lorraine
Counsellor-General	Pomeroy Cannon



feel an animosity toward him for having such a daughter and then not having the good grace to make the polite best of it. It is very poor in courtesy, I think.

Popova and I have decided that something must be done very soon. We eat pickles and rack our brains. Jeneka nearly died yesterday when the name of Prince Luis Muldova came to her ears and she realized what she is missing. She had a spasm and physicians had to be called in to disentangle her four double chins. They discovered the imminence of a fifth one and left, quite charmed. My father says there is not a man in Morovenia who would not give his all to possess Jeneka. He adds that there is not one in Morovenia who could be *given* all to take me. It is very unfair.

My father summoned a detective, commissioned Popova to assist in the search and ordered the infidel brought before him. I was dragged to my quarters, a prisoner

Morovenia, another week.

Today I had an idea. A pickle gave it to me. It is marvelous the ideas I get from pickles. Perhaps because they are forbidden fruit. It occurred to me that my father give a ball to the British Consul to Morovenia and permit me to be present. Morovenia has only *heard of me*, the Slim Princess. My father has always kept me hidden, in strict seclusion, for fear of the disgrace my deformity would bring upon

him. I suggested to him that one fool is born every minute. If he would permit me to be visible, I promised him I would make a pleasant picture—and who could tell? Then, too, I suggested to him that he advertise a very fat dowry. Jeneka was enthusiastic. She had been thinking, prior to that, she said, of my possible self-destruction as a way out. However, the other idea was sufficiently good. She urged my father to give his consent. The situation, she said, was desperate, and desperate measures must needs be adopted. She looked about to carry on again, which is bad with a fifth double chin coming, and my father hastily consented and gave orders for a very elaborate fête. Popova and I are planning.

Morovenia, the morning of the fête.

Today is the auspicious day. Allah is good and the skies are fair. The garden is most lovely, all bright with flowers and airy furniture and many cushions and such delectables and sweet wines and goodies. Popova and I have been busy



all morning with my costume. It is a miracle. I invented it in my brain and Popova did the rest with his fingers. It consists of a sheath of rubber. At the back of the neck there is a tubing. Just before I go into my father's presence, Popova will blow up the tube and I shall be of almost the surpassing loveliness of Jeneka. My contours shall be her contours and, God willing, her fate my fate. I have two pickles fulfilled their mission and my forget and eat them on my way to the garden, my appearance will do justice even to the Governor-General of Morovenia and the future sister-in-law of Prince Luis Muldova.

Morovenia, the evening of the fête. I am destroyed. I am born anew. I am desolate. I am hilarious. The heavens have fallen and have been again reinstated. Merciful!

All went well—at first. Popova blew me up, with a surpassing result. The dill pickles fulfilled their missions and my cheeks with pulchritude and plentitude. Jeneka was not to exceed nor excel me.

I sailed into the garden and met the British Consul and his wife. My father beamed. Jeneka beamed. Whispers ran in little shivers all about the garden. "We have been fooled," they said; "the Slim Princess is a myth . . . see, how she is lovely and fit for a man to rest his learned head upon!"

Love-sick ones flocked about me and paid me Turkish-pastish compliments. I felt rather ill, but the pickles sustained me. It was, altogether, a triumphal hour.

In a moment of excitement I ate one of the dills, and it was rather dreadful, but I divided the remaining one, in my mouth, and achieved a rather wan semblance of my former facial contour.

I had a long talk with the wife of the British Consul. It was quite amazing. She told me that in her country and in all others a fat woman is considered to be a disgrace. It is not only ugly, she said, but unhealthy. She herself, she said, was entirely too fat and the Consul disliked it very much. I asked her what she thought of me. I sniggered, asking it, inside my rubber suit. She is a very honest and commendable woman. She said that I had a quite lovely face. It reminded her of a yellow chrysanthemum, with a pink heart, velvety and fragrant. She said that I would be divine if I were only slim. It is most amazing.

I was having the first smiled-on time I have ever had in my life, with many men flocking about me and all the storm clouds and loud words gone from Jeneka and my father, when, all at once, the supreme horror happened. The supreme tragedy! I was leaning on the wicker chair, when something sort of *sizzled*. I felt quite faint and sick. I looked, desperately, for Popova. He was beaming all over and talking quite interestedly to the British Consul. He had forgot my dill

Then the end of the day
of mingled horrors came





I am happy, happy, happy! I have never, no, never, been happy before

pickles, my inflated garment and me. He has never been allowed to forget me for one moment since my most inad-
vantageous birth, so I suppose

he felt a sort of relief. Anyway, I collapsed!

There, in my father's garden, with the high and mighty of Morovenia gathered about, with young men making sheep's eyes at me and Jeneka beaming and hopeful of her Luis Muldova, I collapsed!

I completely collapsed!

The wife of the British Consul gave a little scream as I faded away. They had to revive her with wine and very cold water.

The young men began to laugh, noisily and rudely. My father turned so dreadfully red that I turned as white for fear he would burst like a fat red balloon. Jeneka sagged all over the garden, crushing the flowers and other growths. It was very horrible.

The young men grew noisier. They asked if it were part of the afternoon's entertainment. I grew suddenly hot and fiery. They were abominably rude. After all, tho deformed, I am the eldest daughter of the Governor-General of Morovenia and should be treated as such. I had blown myself up and done my best. I could not help it if the dill pickles slipped down my throat and myself slipped down, too. I turned on them, the whole of them, and said some frightful things. Things a Turkish maiden may not utter even in the privacy of her own apartments, her own thoughts. I thought my father must certainly die of his shame of me, and Jeneka's five double chins wiggled in a sort of ghastly impotence. It

was rather awful!

My father had to be excused and very soon the fête was over.

I thought I caught a twinkle in the eyes of the British Consul when they left, very obviously, indeed. I must have been mistaken. I have read in an English book that the English have no sense of humor, same being exclusive to the French.

In a very little time I was left quite, quite alone. I felt sad, and tired and bitter. I didn't know what to do, nor how to go. I felt that I couldn't live on like this, that there must be some way out for me, and yet I didn't know where that way was nor how to find it.

All at once there came a whistle, short and sharp and clearer than any bird's. Stronger, too. I looked up, and, all at once, a young man dropped to my feet, like an overripe plum from one of my father's plum-trees. He was a beautiful young man. I thought of the gods of Olympus and other places at once.

"My name is Pike," he said, at once; "are you"—he smiled—"the Slim Princess?"

Under any other circumstances and gazing into any other face, I should not have thought the name of Pike very euphonious. Isn't it queer what a difference a face can make? Gazing into his, all at once, the name of Pike became sweetest music to mine ears and I felt glad all over at the sound of it.

He told me he had seen the whole performance, of my collapse, and that he had never seen anything to come within a mile of it. He talked very strangely, but with much fascination. I told him of my loneliness, my plight, my great misfortune. He said that Turkey was no place for me. I asked him what place he suggested. He said America. I asked him, (not wishing to appear immodest), where he lived. He said America—that was why he had suggested it for me.

We talked a great while, and while we talked I changed. I wasn't the same Kalora. A fever started in my blood and a singing in my soul. Death shall not quench the one of them or the other.

He told me he had never seen a maiden so fair as I. He told me I would get the boys "going" in his country just by walking down the streets. He told me honeyed, many things. He said he wanted to see me again, and

(Continued on page 64)

Shadowland's Guide to the Theater

Astor.—"East Is West," with Fay Bainter, a Chinese "Peg O' My Heart," with a "Frisco Chinatown background.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric. Lively melodrama of New York's Chinese quarter with Belasco trimmings.

Bijou.—"The Ouija Board." Spiritualistic thriller in which real spooks invade a fake séance.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. Napoleonic melodrama with atmosphere, thrills and Leo.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. Angel-cake drama with sobs and attractive spirit ingénue.

Casino.—"My Golden Girl." Musical show in which a chorus girl, Jeanette Dietrich, danced away with the real hit.

Century.—"Florodora." Pleasant revival of your dad's pleasant stage memory. Eleanor Painter scores.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard, our favorite musical entertainment of the season.

Cohan.—"The Hottentot," with William Collier.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends," with Clifton Crawford. Typical farce, well done. June Walker a hit.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." A significant and poetic presentation of a great man of history. Notable.

Empire.—"Déclassée," with Ethel Barrymore. Effective drama by Zoe Akins with big feminine appeal.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Storm." Regulation Northwestern melodrama with big forest fire effect and the even more effective Helen MacKellar.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. Fair musical show of the old school.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," with Frank Bacon. Diverting comedy with splendid characterization by Bacon.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." St. John Ervine's drab but compelling drama of the English middle class. A big thing.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." Popular, dainty and well-bred operetta.

Henry Miller's.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," with Henry Miller and Blanche Bates. Clever, feminist satire.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." The usual "Hip" spectacle.

Hudson.—"Clarence." Booth Tarkington's brilliant comedy of American life.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." The usual thing in rural drama.

Liberty.—"The Night Boat."

Little.—"Beyond the Horizon," with Richard Bennett. Eugene O'Neill's quelling but splendid drama.

Longacre.—"Adam and Eva." Comedy of extravagance.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers," with Ina Claire.

Lyric.—"What's In a Name." Surprisingly beautiful music-and-girl entertainment.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Letter of the Law," with Lionel Barrymore. Brieux propaganda drama dealing with the French courts.

Morocco.—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. Love, cocaine, regeneration and beautiful Elsie.

Nora Bayes.—"Lassie." Pleasant Scotch musical show with Tessa Kosta singing well.

Republic.—"The Sign On the Door." Strong crime melodrama.

Selwyn.—"Buddies." Comedy of the A. E. F. after the war's end.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Scandal." Typical Cosmo Hamilton sex stuff with attractive Francine Larrimore.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene."

Winter Garden.—"Passing Show of 1919." Elaborate entertainment for the tired business man.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing," with Jeanne Eagels. Conventionally pleasant.

Among the Leading Photoplays

The Heart of a Child, with Alla Nazimova. Vivid star in usual tale of gutter urchin who weds a nobleman.

Treasure Island. Colorful but distorted version of Stevenson's romance.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with Jack Barrymore. Skillfully made version with Barrymore an unforgettable figure.

The Cost, with Violet Heming. A sugar-coated version of the David Graham Phillips novel.

The Woman GIVES, with Norma Talmadge. Fair vehicle for interesting star.

My Lady's Garter. Passable crime-and-detective melodrama.

The Idol Dancer. Colorful melodrama, but Griffith at his worst.

The Toll Gate, with William Hart. Another bad man encounters regeneration and a cutie in the primal South-west.

Paris Green, with Charles Ray. The best young actor of the screen in an interesting genre study.

Don't Ever Marry. A "Micky" Neilan five reel comedy. Weak and ambling, funny only in spots.

In Search of a Sinner, with Constance Talmadge. Diverting and piquant comedy.

The River's End, Marshall Neilan's well sustained melodrama of the Royal Mounted.

His House In Order, with Elsie Ferguson. Disappointing screen vehicle for the fascinating Ferguson.





On one condition, gentle reader, will I do whatever you require. That condition is that you never ask me for anything.

I am required to answer this question: "If love is blind, why urge that people should marry for love?"

If love is blind, that may be the reason so many impose on him. But love is not blind. Lovers see what no other eyes may see. Love may make an unwise choice, from the view-point of the world; or the choice may, by reason of circumstances subsequent, prove disastrous, but the lovers themselves know best what they want, and nobody else is competent to tell them what that something is. (If we all thought alike we should all want the same woman.) We on the outside may see the defects, but we may be blind to the virtues which only lovers see. Love may be blind enough to make mistakes, but the judgment of philosopher and sage is often equally defective. Either a person should marry for love, or he should not. If the former, the results are of no consequence; if the latter, then it is not a marriage for love, and the results cannot be charged against love's blindness.

A reader asks me which is the more disgraceful, to distrust a friend or to be deceived by one. I am aware that Rochefoucauld takes the position that the former is the more disgraceful, but I will take the opposite side. To be deceived by a friend is disgraceful on the part of the deceiver but not on the part of the deceived. To distrust a friend is not exactly disgraceful, because distrust is a condition of the mind produced by evidence. The evidence may be insufficient, and our judgment may be at fault, but the mind is an organ that works more or less automatically, and is unconsciously affected by impressions beyond the control of its owner. It is disgraceful to deceive a friend, deplorable to be deceived by one, and pitiable to distrust one. Friends do not usually deceive, nor distrust one another; but when they distrust, it is not dishonorable, but regrettable and lamentable only, because it is involuntary.

Success is due to Motive Power. What is Motive Power? In the engine, it is steam; in the motor car, gasoline; in the mill, wind or water; but in the great human machine that creates all other machines, it is—Ambition, Sex, Vanity or Want!

De Quincey said, "None but a man of extraordinary talent can write first-rate nonsense," and Carolyn Wells adds that none but a man with extraordinary taste can appreciate it. "Dont tell me," said William Pitt, "of a man's being able to talk sense; every one can talk sense. Can he talk nonsense?"

The man who never laughs, and who is too dignified to indulge, at times, in trivial amusements, is the man to be pitied. Probably every man of merit has a desire, once in a while, to be light-hearted, merry and gay; but some men suppress such emotions because of a false notion that these emotions are out of place in great minds. What folly! What more pleasing sight than to see wise old Socrates romping with the children, or Herbert Spencer playing marbles with the school boys! All great men seem to have their frivolous moments, and most of these men give way to their emotions.

Some write what is called "Nonsense" verses, some write trivially on trivial subjects, and some let off steam by indulging in ludicrous amusements. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudius' death; Pterius Valerianus wrote an eulogism on beards; Holstein wrote an elaborate eulogism of the North Wind; Heinsius, on "The Ass"; Ménage, on "The Transmigration of the Parasitical Pedant to a Parrot," and a "Petition of the Dictionaries"; Leigh Hunt, "On a Spider Walking Across the Floor"; Lewis Carroll, the profound mathematician, "Alice in Wonderland," "The Hunting of the Shark," and lots of other nonsense; Edward Lehr, whose name Ruskin placed at the head of his list of the hundred best authors, wrote "The Pobble Who Has No Toes"; William H. Drummond wrote "The Wreck of the 'Julie Plante'"; A. C. Swinburne, "Mepheidia"; Milton, "On the Oxford Carrier"; Longfellow, "There Was a Little Girl"; Dr. Johnson, "If a Man Who Turnsips Cries"; and so on.

We see more women than men in this world, just as we see more heaven than earth. We also see more OF women than we do of men.

I am taken to task by a correspondent, who insists that he is one of my admirers, on the ground that I make a serious mistake by trying to be funny. "It is no part of a sage's duties," he adds, "to try to provoke laughter." Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! as the poet says. Could I provoke merriment I would account it among my chiefest achievements; and to make my readers actually laugh, ah, that were indeed my crowning glory—would that I could! As Josh says, "Laffing iz the sensashun ov peeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot." And if my friend will look up his "Anatomy of Melancholy," of which he must be very fond, he will find these enlightening words: "Good humor, seasonably applied, will dispel the dullest care. Mirth, therefore, is said to be the principal engine by which physicians batter down the walls of melancholy—to exhilarate the heart has been the practice of every sage, age and country, as the best means of preserving life. Every good physician rings this remedy in his patient's ears."

"Jonah" asks me to print "that verse which contains so many puns on the word 'write' and I think this is the one he refers to: 'Write,' we know, is written right, when we see it written right; But when we see it written wright, we know it is not written right; For 'write' to be written right, must not be written wright nor right; Nor yet should it be written rite, but 'write,' for so 'tis written right."

If this affords anything except amusement it affords proof that our language is in need of reform, for it is one of many groups of words that sound the same and yet are spelled differently.

Blessings on him who will lend you money, but curses on him who does. Lend to the bore, for you'll see him no more.

Every person has some unreasoning aversion or infatuation that slams the door in the face of truth. Whether we agree or not, let us have Tolerant, and the Open Door.

A student at Chicago University asks my advice to a young man about to start out on the perilous voyage of life, and here is what I sent him—it may not be elegant, but it's all there:

Keep good company or none. Never be idle; if you can't be usefully employed, employ your mind. Always speak the truth, or speak not at all. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Remember that good character is above all things else, and that your character cannot be injured except by yourself. If any one speaks ill of you, let your life be such that nobody will believe him. Be temperate in all things, and remember that moderation is always best. Always live within your income, and try to make a little more than you spend. When you retire, think of what you have done that day, and count the hours you have wasted. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Never play at any game of chance; it will soon become a habit hard to break. Never spend your money before you have earned it. Don't ever run in debt unless you feel sure that you can run out of it. Don't borrow until you have to, and when you do, pay it back the minute the debt falls due. Never speak ill of any one, and never withhold a deserved compliment, but avoid all forms of flattery. Be honest in everything. Be just before you are generous. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old. Stick close to your vocation, but do not neglect your avocations. Keep your mind occupied, and don't allow your body to become inactive—both must have exercise. Keep your heart pure from evil thoughts if you would be happy. Hate nobody—love the good and pity the wicked. Cultivate high ideals, and hitch your wagon to a star. Read over these maxims once a week.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever—until we get used to it, and then we look for other joys. We worship most that which we don't possess.

Eating is still one of the luxuries of the rich. But we have never quite equalled the freakish fastidiousness of the ancient Romans whose banquets were more remarkable for their costliness than for their taste. For example, one of their favorite dishes was composed of the brains of 500 peacocks, and another of the tongues of 500 nightingales.

Speaking of overeating, history is not quite without an illustrious example. According to Pius III, "Sindrigile, Duke of Lathonia, never made a meal at which less than thirty different kinds of meat were present, and he sat six hours at his table. Maximum ate sixty pounds of meat every day. Abinus, in one meal, ate three hundred figs, one hundred peaches, ten melons, twenty pounds of muscat, and forty oysters. Phagon devoured before Aurelius a wild boar, a hog, a sheep, and one hundred loaves and drank a pipe of wine." It is not stated if these illustrious persons took a grain of salt with what they ate, but it is safe to take it with this account of it.

The mind, the heart, and the body require variety,—variety of thought, of interests, of reading, of scenery, and of food. A healthy mind, the affairs of life and the production of originality, demand remote and varied, rather than intimate and consecutive combinations of thought, just as the healthy body requires various ingredients to feed its varied organs.

Impulse can sometimes do wonders, where great preparation fails.

A prevalent and dangerous form of insanity is that which makes us extremists or faddists. A faddist is an extremist, and an extremist is a faddist. It is one thing to be so stubborn and old-fashioned that nothing new has any interest for us, and it is another to be so credulous and catholic that we seize every new theory with a mad enthusiasm. Every fad and delusion is founded on a truth, but the extremist sees in them more than a truth: his brain becomes a kaleidoscope, with numerous reflecting surfaces which reflect multitudinous imaginary pictures.

From two or three simple truths, sprang an immense false system of astrology; from the simple truth that our temperaments and characters are more or less expressed upon our bodies, sprang some of the silly doctrines of palmistry and physiognomy; from the simple truth that every person has an individuality which is expressed in his apparel, his home and his manners, sprang the ridiculous theory of psychometry; from the simple truth that souls live beyond the grave, and that our imagination may picture those souls, sprang the untenable belief in ghosts, spirits and mediums; and from the simple fact that our pains and troubles are intensified by brooding over them, sprang the fallacy of Christian Science. Taking the last mentioned delusion, let us for a moment, look into the folly of holding that sickness, pain and disease are products of the mind, and that they have no real existence. To say this, is to declare that there are no germs and microbes; and to declare that mind causes disease and death, is to upset the whole accepted theory of creation and of evolution. Are not animals affected by disease as well as man? If so, who would say that their meager minds could cause it? And if it be said that human minds caused it, how about the millions of animals who suffered pain, disease and death thousands of years before man ever appeared upon earth? Does the scientist know that there are hundreds of different kinds of microbes, fighting and combating one another; that the big fish are eating the little ones, that if there were no microbes there could be no putrefaction, and that if there were no putrefaction there could be no breaking down of the dead bodies of animals and plants, and that the earth would be encumbered with the dead bodies of these animals and plants of past generations, and that very soon all the organic elements—all the carbon and nitrogen, if not all the hydrogen and oxygen—on the face of the earth would be fixed in these corpses and that all life would perish for want of sustenance? In short, germs and death are just as important, and just as inevitable, as joy and life.

Persons we don't like have many vices, but their principal vice is advice—particularly when it is good advice that we find inconvenient to follow.

No man ever yet learned to command who had not first learned to obey.

A slip of the pen is often more costly than a slip of the foot, and a slip of the tongue is more costly than both because it happens more often.

Why attribute our misfortunes to bad luck, and our successes to shrewdness?

If you would distinguish yourself learn to distinguish between quick action and hasty judgment.

Go to sleep with a frown or a scowl on your face and you will wake up with it and wear it all the next day, and perhaps have it indelibly fixed in your features.

The Little Brown Penny

The Source of the Fame and Fortune Contest

Announcement for Fame and Fortune Contestants

The judges' committee will sit on July 1st and 2nd between the hours of ten and four at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to interview personally all contestants who can make it convenient to appear before it.

Tests will be taken before the motion picture camera at Roslyn, L. I., N. Y., on the following Saturday, Sunday and Monday of all those contestants who seem qualified to be chosen for the final honor roll.

The most trivial event often has the greatest significance! Not so many years ago, a man dropped a penny into a peculiar-looking machine and tested its crude possibilities for popular amusement. The penny came back after a while—like most pennies will—and as the man held it in his hand, he gazed long and thoughtfully upon it. Then a vision came to him. A vision so wonderful, so tremendous, so stupendous in its far-reaching power that he held his breath in amazement.

The peculiar-looking machine was the first form of the penny arcade—the penny arcade was the harbinger of what is today the second greatest industry in the world!

What did the man see in the vision which came to him as he looked musingly at the little brown penny in his hand? He saw beautiful theaters and faultless screens. He saw the hand of Literature guiding the screen. He saw the majestic figure of Drama touching it with a magic wand. He saw great players swaying the emotions of the multitude—and the multitude daily crowding the beautiful theaters. He saw humanity receiving in what was perhaps the most direct way it could be given—the great power of education. He saw in that little brown penny a medium which would bring the corners of the earth into closer contact; a means of communication by which the alien peoples would be united.

He saw youth given an opportunity to produce laughter in the world—weary hearts of the old, and moving youthful comrades to sympathetic tears.

The vision which came to the man years ago has now come true and is still

developing its promise of fulfillment. The penny arcade has metamorphosed into the most luxuriant of theaters. The power of the little brown penny has penetrated into the deepest jungles and climbed the highest mountain peaks. It has caused the varied races which inhabit the earth to become familiar to each other; it has aided science as no other force in centuries has been capable of aiding it; it has given to youth its most golden opportunity.

Being one of the numerous offsprings of the little brown penny, the Brewster Publications, Inc., thru the medium of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, has to the best of its ability endeavored to fulfill the vision of the man with the penny. Realizing that circumstances have the power to alter cases, and that the right opportunity might prove the keynote of success for many, these three magazines have launched a Fame and Fortune Contest by which they hope to bring into their rights several moving picture stars of the future. Appreciating fully the power of the press, they intend to allow no restriction whatever to hinder them in their campaign. They are backed by the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919, thru the success of which they were able to give a running start along the Road of Fame to four young women. And not only to these four, but to all the participants of the contest who came out as honor roll winners, by a two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which proved so successful that the Murray W. Garsson Foundation Film Corporation, of 130 West 46th Street, New York, has released it in the leading moving picture theaters in the country.

In the present contest there will be a five-reel feature in which the honor roll winners, the final winners and other contestants with exceptional ability will be able to prove their histrionic powers. The scenario has already been accepted; it is a strong, soul-stirring drama, and the production will be as perfect as excellent directing, disregard of expense, beautiful exteriors, etc., can make it.

The contest is open to all, there being no restriction save previous professional experience. On another page in this issue you will find a list of rules, and we request that if you desire to enter the contest, your photograph be sent in at once. The contest judges are:

Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Blanche Bates, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco and Eugene V. Brewster.

The Slim Princess

(Continued from page 60)

then again, and then a great many agains after that. I confessed the same to him. He touched my hand and I tingled all over, as tho I had been sprayed with a stinging, sweet perfume. It was most strange, most marvelous, this touch of the person named Pike.

Then the end of the day of mingled horrors came. Two slaves saw me in converse with the "infidel." They rushed for him. I screamed, knowing the penalty. He ran, seized the pole of a bamboo screen, rose up on it and sailed over the extremely high wall of my father's garden, into space, into oblivion. He was like a bird, mammoth, graceful. It was wonderful. I laughed, and the Nubians looked at me and shuddered. They thought me mad. Then they dashed into the palace and told my father that an infidel had been found talking with the Princess Kalora in the sacred precincts of the garden. My father summoned a detective, commissioned Popova to assist in the search and ordered the infidel brought before him. I was dragged to my quarters, a prisoner.

Before we parted Pike told me that he would return when the moon rose and meet me in the same spot. I had explored him to desist. When I found that Popova was going on the search, I begged him to warn the stranger not to come to the garden walls. The detective begged me for a description of the intruder. "He is tall and has whiskers," I said, "and he walks . . . like this . . ." And I gave him a very strange walk and looked most solemn.

Morovenia, two weeks later.

Tomorrow I sail for America.

Life is most curious. Death is quite simple, taken comparatively.

I am not, of course, going with Pike. But I shall hope to see him there, nevertheless. It happens like this: The detectives did not catch Pike. My false description, for which I feel no twinge of conscience, set them off. Popova, however, encountered him and was the bearer of two notes between us, funny little notes, mostly about liking me. On one occasion Popova brought with him an American magazine. It bore reference to the "Millionaire Magnate, Pike," with very flattering words on him. I could have written them myself, however, just by the look I had at him. The other page bore the legend of "Ten Pounds in Thirty Days." It is the legend on that page which sends me, in Popova's care, to great America.

Hotel—Washington, D. C.

The land of Pike!

I might have known that it would be like this. Sweetly white and thickly
(Continued on page 65)

The Very Patient American

(Continued from page 51)

your literary discrimination. I thank God that the effort to import Mutt and Jeff into a London newspaper fell dead.

"America has not yet produced a great literature. True, you have some very interesting novels, some excellent poets. Yet you are not so fearfully young, for you have had a culture dating back two hundred years.

"England has produced a great poet at least once every hundred years—from Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth and Browning to Tennyson. Walt Whitman is the one considerable American name to place against these. And where does he stand alongside them?

"No, you are crushing out individuality. To think outside the herd is to be marked. Now I realize that this makes life easier and more convenient. There are no heights to climb. But it is like a great flat stretch of country, good for systematized farming, but damned dull.

"And what is all this leading to?

"What will be the effect after years of endless standardization? The American will go on submitting until all initiative is gone. His mind will then be controlled by a few able men. Now, I do not credit any one or any body of men with deliberately planning this. But these few will discover that they can bend the mass mind to their will and they will exploit their power. What is easier, when wanting something, than to start a great country-wide drive? Excite the masses—and the goal, whatever it may be, will be theirs."

Mr. Ervine has been studying the American theater closely. "I found that when the acting is good, it is very good; that when it is bad, it is awful. It seems to me you have no historic standard. I saw some very excellent examples of good playing. I believe the best acting ensembles were presented in 'Beyond the Horizon,' Mr. Eugene O'Neill's very interesting play as it was done at special matinees, and in my own 'Jane Clegg.' Then I found some strong isolated instances, such as Frank Bacon in 'Lightnin',' an entertaining comedy of the theater, John Barrymore's 'Richard III,' Arthur Hohl, Frank Reicher and Erskine Sanford in the Theater Guild's 'Powers of Darkness,' and Gregory Kelly in the Chicago production of 'Clarence.' I would hardly like to express an opinion regarding Mr. Barrymore—yet. The production is rich and beautiful; Mr. Barrymore's performance is brilliantly clever. Whether it is great or not I would not venture to say. I would prefer to see him first as 'Hamlet,'

"Londoners get a very poor example of American drama. All the imported pieces have been of a sickly, sugary type. In reality, I found American dramatists writing with swift and racy

dialog and a certain brisk observation. But the national standardization is as apparent here as elsewhere.

"The sort of American novels we have been getting until recently were equally sugar-coated. Indeed, we had come to think of you as a remarkable race of sentimentalists. Just now Joseph Hergesheimer has considerable vogue and we are reading Ernest Poole and Cabell. O. Henry, of course, has been very popular."

It is too early to predict the effect of the war upon literature and life, believes Mr. Ervine. "We are getting our minds quiet and marking time," he says. "The world is like a convalescent man, nervous, irritable and easily excited. I think England, with its enormous recuperative power, will get its feet sooner than the rest of the world. Englishmen are sensible, never carried away by extremists."

"It would not surprise me if the great drama of the next decade would come from Germany or Austria. A suffering nation is bound to express itself in poetry and literature. Something vital may come from these distraught countries in the next twenty-five or thirty years."

"We shall very likely have to go on revising our opinion of Russia. We know now our first theories were wrong. Government changes are going on there rapidly and the end may find something far removed from socialism. Labor is already becoming compulsory and Russia may develop as severe a tyranny as produced by the Incas of ancient Peru. There was the soviet government in its highest form, the whole life of the people being regulated from birth to death. Whether a nation can become so servile remains to be seen. I myself do not believe human beings can be so regimented."

"Again, we may find something coming out of Russia that we can all use. They may indeed discover the secret of our labor problems. Of course, I realize that most Americans will not agree with this. The nation has been standardized to look upon Bolshevism as a synonym for Russia and a bugbear too horrible to consider."

Then Mr. Ervine made his most radical prediction. "I would not be at all surprised to see a revision of our moral codes as a result of the war and as an outgrowth of suffrage," he says. "There is a terrible shortage of men. There are hundreds of thousands of women in Europe to whom there is now no hope of marriage or children. Now, human desire, sexual curiosity and the desire for a mate, aside from the national necessity of restocking races, cannot be put aside like this, particularly now that women have won a voice in lawmaking. I foresee legalized polygamy, or, at least, po-

lygamy without legalization. In no other way can certain nations remain nations."

"Such a radical thought would come hard to Americans, I can foresee. But, if the thought should win in England, as well it may, it will soon permeate the world. Please understand that I do not believe this to be ethically the best for the world. But it is the logical outcome."

The Slim Princess

(Continued from page 64)

green, with a very great deal of sun and cool little winds to beguile one.

I am happy, happy, happy! I have never, no, never, been happy before. This is where I belong, not in the overburdened garden of my father, with only fat people whom I now perceive are unbelievably ugly.

Popova is distracted. I play golf. I eat salads and pickles and grapefruits, and I will not take the silly stipu guaranteed to add to me ten pounds each thirty days. I do not want the ten pounds. I have been told too many times since my arrival here that I am divine. I like the sound of the word and the way in which it is said. I shall not take the stuff.

I have many engagements. I feel whirled about. There are all sorts of fêtes of a very different nature. Here, the women are striding slim, and wear very few clothes, (in the evenings), and no veils at all, save now and then, for fancy's sake, and they laugh and talk and even slap the men on the back. They have good times. I feel wistful and wishing that I belonged.

I have not seen Pike.

Now and again, quite frequently, I hear the name of Pike. It is always said with admiration.

Last night was the great Ambassador's Ball. It was great in truth. Pike was there.

He had heard that it was to be given for me, just an hour before. For that reason he came.

Today I have had roses from him on the half of every hour. Roses as red as my blood. Roses as yellow as the sun when it touches his hair. Roses as white as my dead cheeks if he should go from me! Wonderful roses. Thrilling roses . . . how I love them!

Today he has told me of his love. There are no words like his words. I shall not try to coin them. It is wonderful to live and to love, when life and love are Pike.

A month later—Morovenia.

I am home again.

Happiness is only a delusion, a little dream we dream in between whites.

My father heard of my golf playing, the weight I was losing. In a fury he threatened Popova and me with the last

(Continued on page 74)

Can Motion Pictures Elect a President?

(Continued from page 42)

and merchandising enterprises. Showmen are employed, to be sure, but they may be compared to expert salesmen whose province is to retail the product of authors, directors and actors, all specialists in their line, who are highly paid to contribute their artistic best. The important point is that the financial backing of the men who create, as well as the outlet for what they have created, is largely governed by corporations whose back doors open onto Wall Street. A picture may be made independently, but the safest way to market it is thru one of the large distributing companies which has access to thousands of theaters and facilities for foreign circulation.

With characteristic vision and thoroughness, the high priests of capital, once convinced that motion pictures were worthy of serious attention, started chiseling their initials in the cornerstones of the entire structure—the theaters. To control the theaters is to control the situation, no matter who makes the pictures to supply them. Probably you recall the story of the United Cigar Stores, how the sites for stores were selected with the utmost care, and how the shrewdness of the real estate operator was to a large degree responsible for the phenomenal growth of the company. No one can monopolize the ability to make good cigars, but it is possible to monopolize the best locations in town for their sale. The same holds true in the motion picture business. No company can maintain a monopoly on superior pictures, but there is a chance of acquiring the most valuable theater property.

The guiding geniuses behind the film corporations, however, are confronted by a more difficult task than that faced by the founders of the United Cigar Stores. Contrary to the prevalent notion, there are fewer picture theaters in the country now than there were three years ago. Exact figures never have been compiled, but a fair estimate places the number of houses somewhere between 13,000 and 14,000. This does not indicate a decline in theater attendance, rather it means that the tendency is toward larger buildings with a seating capacity equalling that of two or three of the older theaters.

For the past year there has been a persistent struggle to acquire a hold on a substantial slice of this theater property. The activities of the producing companies in this direction are generally conducted under cover, because it is poor policy to risk alienating the good-will of exhibitors by threatening to enter their branch of the business. None the less, it is an open secret in the trade that the producers have made progress, either by direct purchase, by buying a part interest,

by erecting new buildings in cities where those standing could not be secured, or by gaining what may be termed "a sphere of influence." The independence of the individual exhibitor is less difficult to overcome than the strength of the chains of theaters whose bookings are made from one office, and that of the owners of theaters who have grouped themselves in one co-operative body. At the present time there are probably twenty-five really important chains of theaters and three or four exhibitors' associations worth considering. It may be noted in connection with the theater situation and the advances toward producer control, despite opposition, that the picture theaters conceded first place in New York's theater center, with one, or possibly two exceptions, are either openly managed by producing companies, or indirectly under their guidance. Every city has what are called first run houses, where new pictures are shown first, and it is these that the producing companies particularly want, for they set the pace for the smaller theaters. Lacking direct ownership, a "sphere of influence" may be gained in various ways. An exhibitor combine may be backed by Wall Street capital, or the owners of a chain of theaters may become financially interested in a producing company. And then, where other means fail, recourse may always be had to building a theater bigger and better than those with which a town is already supplied. None of these possibilities has been overlooked by forward-looking producers backed by plenty of capital and authority to override obstacles.

But granting this, conceding for the sake of argument that within the next four years Wall Street will virtually own most of the motion picture theaters in the country, as well as their source of supply; admitting that all the tendencies toward monopoly are fulfilled, what is there to indicate that the actuating motive is political as well as financial? The answer is, "Nothing tangible."

And yet—consider. Can the question be dismissed so casually? Is there not even a shadow of foundation for the prophecy quoted at the opening of this discussion? Is it quite within reason that so potent a medium for addressing the public should be ignored, ultimately, even if today the motion picture industry is being cultivated solely because of its profitable prospects? A two-edged sword is a powerful weapon when one learns to use it. And only an extremely ingenious observer would conclude that there has been no experimentation in the use of the blade labelled propaganda.

In the United States alone there is a daily audience of not less than sixteen

million people, who spend from an hour and a half to three hours watching pictures originated by a small group of men located in New York and Los Angeles. Practically all of the leaders of this group are members of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, and despite business competition they operate together thru the association for aims that they share in common. Federal and State censorship, for example, and Sunday closing, are being opposed with all the combined power of the producers. Comprising the membership of various association committees, they function as one body. When the government wishes to win popular support for a certain measure, or to awaken a keener patriotism, it has learned to use the motion picture screens of the land, which may be reached thru "headquarters" in New York. The war served to reveal the propaganda value of films and to develop a system whereby the distribution channels might be utilized. Incidentally, the story of the great work accomplished by motion pictures both here and abroad during the war has still to be written.

An important branch of George Creel's Committee on Public Information was the division of films; its decree was law in regard to the shipment of pictures to foreign countries. Then, we know from our own experience how the stars of the screen contributed to the making of Liberty Loan films, how pictures helped to kindle the spirit of patriotism and how regulations such as Hoover's food restrictions, were emphasized in a popular fashion. The years 1917 and 1918 brought intensive training in the dissemination of screen propaganda. Today, producers and exhibitors are willingly mobilized in the laudable cause of Americanism vs. anarchistic movements. All of which is cited merely to indicate that Wall Street, granting it dominates the industry, will come into possession of a weapon of tested worth. The record of American enterprise does not lead one to suppose that a great force, once discovered, will be permitted to lie dormant. Someone, somehow seems destined to use motion pictures for more than entertainment only, and the handwriting on the wall spells Wall Street.

Individual films, showing the processes of manufacturing plants, and educational films providing class-room instruction in various subjects, we already have, and in a few cases, frankly political films have been used by candidates for office; but the latter have been wanting in finesse and subtlety. Politically, to use a favorite phrase of after-dinner speakers, "The surface has only been

(Continued on page 72)



The Luxury Being Certain

TO be able to pick a good show every time is magic—until you know how. But millions are doing it right along, experiencing this luxury of being certain. How? Simply by looking for the key word in the theatres' advertising—the brand name, *Paramount*. No theatre that has the entertainment-sense to book Paramount Pictures lacks the advertising-sense to mention it.

Listed alongside, alphabetically, are some of the latest Paramount *Artcraft* features. Don't miss them.

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Directed by John S. Robertson

"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
Production
"MALE AND FEMALE"

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

"EVERYWOMAN"
Directed by George Melford
With All Star Cast

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

WM. S. HART in
"THE TOLL GATE"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

GEO. H. MELFORD'S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

MAURICE TOURNEUR'S
Production
"TREASURE ISLAND"

Paramount Pictures



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
INCORPORATED IN NEW YORK
NEW YORK



Half-an-Hour

(Continued from page 38)

tokens of her flight. Down far beneath her panic, her heart was filled with a sick horror at the notion of entering the door that she had forfeited the right of entering, of hiding and concealing, lying and flattering herself back into her safe, soft niche. But the gods of a lifetime dinned in her ears. She had worshipped her own body, fed it, decked it out delicately, pampered it, and now she must save its comforts for it if she still might.

She descended the outside of the house and took courage from its air of placid usualness. Surely, if they had discovered her flight there would be some sign of activity. In one of the upper windows—her window—a lace curtain fluttered back from rose silk folds, and as she watched, a black-clad figure moved across and drew the shades. And—yes, a cab had drawn up at the steps and was disgorging the Reddings, puffy, placid. Lady Lillian slipped about to the rear of the house, and with a look of haughty disdain that forbade curiosity, she passed thru the service quarters and upstairs to her own room. Safe!

She remembered the jewels and letter with a throb of fear. No, not safe yet. "Briggs" she asked, sharply, as that gaunt person advanced to remove her hat, "has your master come in?"

Richard, she learnt, was downstairs with his guests. He was expecting her. Would Madame wear the orchid chiffon, or the black-and-silver? Lady Lillian dressed in a fever of apprehension and, at last, outwardly cold, inwardly palpitant, she moved down the stairs. In the drawing-room, Richard, bluff and awkward in a dress-suit that did not fit him in spite of the most expert tailoring, stood by the mantel, in his hands—she grew faint at the sight—her jewels, a tangled, multi-colored mass. When he heard her step he looked up and burst into a great guffaw.

"Here she is now!" he said. "Good Gad! Lillian, where do you think I found your jewels? In an open drawer, if you please, as if they were trash. Paid one hundred thousand cool for these, and you leave 'em where nobody but a blind man could help seeing 'em!"

At another time Lady Lillian would have sweetly insulted him for his crassness, but tonight she was too much relieved to speak for a moment. He had not seen the note, then. She could find it after dinner and destroy the last proof of her folly.

And then, looking up, she found herself gazing into the startled, gradually comprehending eyes of the doctor whom she had left an hour ago in Hugh Paton's rooms! "Meet—friend, Dr. Brodie—" She bowed mechanically, clutching desperately at her vanishing

self-possession. If there was anything in breeding and training, let it come to her rescue now!

It came. She even managed a gracious, detached word or two. She would not let her eyes question or implore, and with an immense feeling of relief she saw that he would not betray her. He bowed quietly and turned back to the Reddings, resuming a story that her entrance had interrupted. "And then she went away without another look at the poor fellow on the bed, and that's the end of it."

Lady Lillian stood stock-still, smiling softly, detachedly. She saw Mrs. Redding's smug little smile of propriety enjoying impropriety, saw her husband's lips fall into a sneer as he commented, "He was dead—so why should she stay? What she was looking for was a live bank account."

Lady Lillian looked full at the doctor. "Tell us—what you thought of her, wont you, Doctor Brodie?" she asked. "Was she beautiful?" She held her wonderful dark head high above the petals of her pale costly gown, defying him, daring him.

The doctor regarded her quietly. "I did not think of her as that, Lady Lillian," he said; "rather she seemed to me the most pathetic object I have ever seen. She was so weak, so selfish. Yet I thought then that if she did the decent thing she might redeem herself. It was the test of her worth as a human being. She might either go to work and remain at least true to the dead or"—he hesitated, then, deliberately—"she might do the despicable thing, which would be to go cringing back to her husband—if she had one, of course. This is purely hypothetical. I have never seen the lady before, nor do I ever expect to see her again."

The Lady Lillian laughed lightly. "If she were so bad as you make her out to be, he would probably refuse to let her in." She had moved with seeming carelessness to the table, leaning idly against it, her glance, smiling and indifferent, turned toward the others in the room. But behind her one white hand fumbled desperately in the narrow slit of the opened drawer . . . the note! Where was the note? If she could get it before Richard thought the thing which was already forming in his brain—

"He mightn't know, poor devil!" her husband said, indignantly. Richard Garson was, whatever faults he had, square. He hated lies and underhandedness. "Gad! That'd be beastly, eh? To go on living with a woman like that—"

"They usually leave a note—at least in books or plays," Redding suggested, laughing a puffy laugh that made his red jowls shake. Disgusting creature, thought

Lady Lillian, under her smiling mask. The hand fumbling in the drawer shook so that she could hardly feel the papers—not that, it was too large. And that was heavier paper than hers.

"And their jewels," Mrs. Redding smirked, "they always leave them—" She paused with a tiny squeak, her glance going toward the flashing pile of stones on the mantel, and back, glittering with unholy joy, to the ghastly face of the woman by the table. "Why—how funny! Of course, I didn't mean—"

"Hell!" Garson rasped. With two strides he was at his wife's side. "Look here, Lillian, why did you put your jewels in that drawer?"

She looked down at the handkerchief in her fingers, then deliberately, holding his eyes, up at him. "There have been so many burglaries lately. I was afraid to have them in my room," she pouted. "Of course, I meant to shut the drawer. Dick, don't be so tiresome. I was careless, of course, but you needn't be a regular Bluebeard, you know!"

If she had hoped that her plausible-ness would disarm him, she was disappointed. He jerked her roughly away from the table. "Then why are you trying to put that drawer?"

She seemed amazed. Then suddenly she laughed, laughed gaily, deliciously. "Good heavens! You dont mean you think—actually!"

She moved to the mantel, still laughing as she tucked her handkerchief into the bosom of her gown. "Do look, dear, and see whether you can find a letter to go with the jewels. You seem upset and I'm afraid you won't have any appetite for dinner until you've proved me to be an adventuress!"

Standing with disdainful lids, she saw the Reddings lean forward, watching, as Garson wrenched open the drawer, saw Mrs. Redding's small, neat, cold nostrils quivering like a hound's on the scent of something appetizing. She would never have that woman in the house again! But Doctor Brodie was not looking at Garson. His gaze, pitying, contemptuous, was turned on her, and in the revelation of it she saw herself for what she was, a creature poor in spirit, lower in morals than those wretched, furtive women who crept about the Embankment at night. She had saved herself, but she knew, suddenly, that she would not like to live with herself thru all the years to come.

"I've been a damn fool!" Garson exploded. "It was that remark about the jewels that made me think—for a minute! Lillian—can you ever forgive me?"

"Dinner is served." Formal, correct, wooden, the butler stood bowing in the doorway.

(Continued on page 76)



The Vision of Youth

On the threshold of womanhood, filled with school or college ideals, youth sees a world of joy, of conquest and success,—but it often fails to recognize the homely truth that a healthy, radiant skin carries its possessor far towards the desired goal.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF SHADOWLAND, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 1777 BROADWAY ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., BEING THE 10th STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF KINGS, Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State of New York, duly sworn personally appeared EUGENE Y. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, testified and gave evidence that he is the PRESIDENT of the SHADOWLAND, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge, a true and correct statement of the circulation of a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown on the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 4452, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, EUGENE Y. BREWSTER, 177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, FREDERICK J. SMITH, 177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Business Manager, GUY N. HARRINGTON, 177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) EUGENE Y. BREWSTER, 177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELEANOR Y. BREWSTER, 177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. HEINEMANN, 177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELLIES, 734 Lexington Ave., New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustees is acting, is given; also that the said paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which said stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that said affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: 1000. (This information is required from daily publication only.) EUGENE Y. BREWSTER, PRESIDENT, (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March 1920. By M. HEINEMANN, (My commission expires MARCH 30th, 1920.)

Without Benefit of Theory

(Continued from page 43)

artist impressed his variant images upon me that it was difficult to disassociate him from the man. I expected a mocking voice to murmur mocking words into my shrinking ear, and no such event transpired. Still, I was wary . . .

We reached the lounge, and with a sort of naive effect of desperation I plunged into my uppermost question, with the pleasurable sensation of doing the thing countless feminine persons would gladly be doing in my stead . . .

"What are your theories concerning women?" I asked.

Mr. Dittrichstein raised one eyebrow, and drooped one eye.

"I have no theories," he said.

"Nietzsche," I attempted, "Schopenhauer . . . similar . . . I thought . . .

"No, no," he said; "I would not presume. Women are very nice." He considered, as tho for the first time. "If I think on the subject at all," he resumed, "I think women should vote, should have equal rights, why not?"

"Your stage attitude," I persisted, "consistent—always."

"The parts I play. My lines."

"No, no," I persisted, "more than that. To each one of them you bring that atmospheric cynicism, super-cleverness, essentially yourself. You must know what I mean."

"Let us put it down," he said, "to very large experience."

I subsided. He was answered.

I asked his theories of plays, of the stage in general and *in toto*.

"I have no theories," he explained, with a certain patience.

He went on to say that he felt disheartened at times. "The King" died early, as did "Priola." They were, it seemed, too clever. Such things can be. Mr. Dittrichstein has looked to the ultra among theater-goers for his audiences. To the epicurean. There has been created by general conditions of late, the new rich. They seek the theater for wholly unanalytical amusement. "Priola" could not bemuse . . . *non, non!* This may, or may not, be an explanation.

He would like, next year, to do "Othello." But he is being discouraged in the dream. "What would you," he said, "I do not play for myself alone . . .

I attempted to lead him into theorizing on humanity in general. On success, primarily.

Theories . . . bah! *Life* . . . as it is. That is all.

Youth is the wonderful time, he says. There is nothing like it. . . Then we dare greatly, and we do not care too greatly. This applies to all things. Love cannot break a heart in youth—in later life it is not so easy of cure. We cannot accept disappointment, defeat, after youth. Resilience is gone. Things grow more bitter. Reaction is not so easy. Things assume proportions and disproportions.

"Is there," I asked, "any compensatory thing for the passion of youth, do you suppose?"

"We learn a philosophy of acceptance," he said.

"Is success worth while?" I wondered.

"For most of us," he said, a little sadly, "it comes too late. The taste has grown stale."

I wanted to know whether he found Humanity worth while or no, taking it all in all. "Humanty," he said, "some are good, some are bad, you know. There is a great deal of ingratitude—I have personally found that to be so, many times. One cannot judge, you know. Generally, tho, I believe each of us finds one person to compensate for all the lack and disappointment caused by others. One person who makes the rest of humanity worth while."

"Theory?" I smiled.

"Fact," he smiled back.

We had dipped into the Past and skimmed over the Present. I asked him his theories on the hereafter, on God.

"I have none," he said; "I haven't thought about it."

I departed, rather baffled, rather enlightened, rather cleared up, rather perplexed. I thought: "The man is the artist and the artist the man. The two are one. How simple!" Then I thought differently. I kept up this mental seesaw for several hours. All at once it occurred to me that I *had* heard the mocking voice, the clever voice, the consummate voice. I had talked for an hour and come away with an enigma who had yet made no attempt at being one. Quite the contrary. Which was, it came to me further, just what, who knows, I was meant to come away with. Before my mind's eye still persisted, suave, sinister, damnable, lovable, The King, The Great Lover, the Marquis de Priola, the present chevalier of "The Purple Mask" who takes "what he will"—the man in the fur-lined coat who has had large experience, pinnacled success—without benefit of theory.

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 56)

marking off tiny squares. One seldom sees white dimity in the coming summer's frocks, the preference being for pale shades of pink, blue and lavender.

English satreens are now used extensively for smart dresses. Frocks of the plain-colored satreens were seen early last summer among the collections of clothes at exclusive dressmakers', but they were looked upon as a novelty and were not adopted to any great extent. This spring will see any number of dresses made of English satreens, the printed designs being considered very much smarter this season than the plain colors.

It is predicted that the summer will bring forth a cloud of white clothes.



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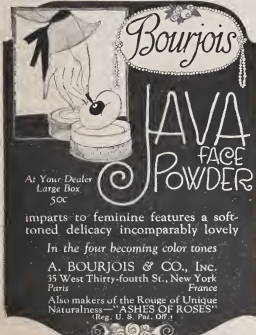
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Can Motion Pictures Elect a President?

(Continued from page 66)

scratched." Propaganda in its most improved form is an impression conveyed without the recipient being conscious of receiving it.

When we refer to the banking interests, or the steel interests, we recognize a unity of aim among a certain group of men who will profit by certain conditions. The same applies to the motion picture interests, whatever their internal differences. It does not matter whether there are two, or half a dozen financial institutions behind as many producing corporations and chains of theaters. In the affairs of capital and government they will stand on common ground. All precedents indicate that they will co-operate in fighting a mutual enemy, or in assisting a mutual friend.

We have seen that the picture industry has tended toward centralization of power, that it has attracted capital and graduated into the class of Big Business, that it has developed a defensive machine to ward off objectionable legislation, that it has proved its ability to function harmoniously in spreading government propaganda, and that the dividing line between producer and exhibitor is being wiped out by the producer's acquisition of enough theater property to assure a showing for whatever he manufactures. Such, in a general way, is the interesting situation awaiting development.

But how, it might be asked, can political propaganda be made a part of an evening's entertainment without spoiling the show? People are not going to spend money to sit thru an appeal for votes, or to study the tariff, or to consider reasons for Senator Lodge's disapproval of the League of Nations. Quite right, they are not, and nothing of the kind will be asked of them. Nobody supposes for a moment that a stupid butcher is sneaking around the corner with an axe to kill the goose that laid the golden egg—this particular goose being entertainment. It is much more probable that the goose will be fattened up on the richest diet that money can buy. To conclude that because Wall Street is not credited with artistic aspirations, the manufacture of photoplays will be taken out of the hands of artists, is to disregard common sense. Since banking institutions became vitally interested in film production, exorbitant bids have been made for the services of the foremost creative writers and the most capable actors in the world. Theaters have been beautified, the orchestras developed under conductors of high repute, and in every way efforts are being made to improve the quality of the pictures shown.

The approved type of diversified program for a first-class theater, with its dramatic or comedy feature, travel subject, news weekly and editorial paragraphs, may be compared to the contents

(Continued on page 76)

The July Motion Picture Magazine

For the long afternoons of summer—

Whether you lie drifting in a canoe—

Or under the shade of a richly colored beach umbrella—

Or in a sheltered nook on the mountainside—

Or dreaming beneath the lacy boughs of an oak—

Or perched upon the curving limb of your favorite apple-tree—

The July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the companion congenial.

For in it you will find Truman B. Handy's whimsical interview with ZaSu Pitts, the little star with the crooked smile who has risen from the "extra" girl stage to her present stardom in a way that vies with the most wonderful of fairy tales.

No cinema star gleams with a brighter luster in the Vitaphone firmament than Alice Joyce—and there has been added an extra halo recently—for Alice has just been married—and Gladys Hall, who cornered her the other day, tells us about the honeymoon which is shedding a new light on Alice.

Blanche McGarity, one of the last year's Fame and Fortune Contest winners, appears on the cover, and, in an interesting interview, tells us what a newly fledged motion picture actress feels like.

"Romance," that play which holds the record for endurance in far-off London, has been molded by the deft hands of D. W. Griffith into a seven-reel feature. Doris Keane, America's prodigal daughter, who played in it over here as well as over there, is portraying the leading rôle for the film version. There is an unusual fictionalization of the story in the July MAGAZINE, together with many interesting and beautiful stills.

The
Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

The July Motion Picture Classic

Going to Europe?

Put down on the list of things which you will require to make your trip a pleasant one—the July MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. It will mean many a delightful moment while the wind sweeps the deck of your steamer—and the shadow of the sea-gull's wing falls across your page.

Mountain climbing?

Take the July number of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC in your kit. When you have reached the top and have absorbed the beauty of the glorious panorama spread before you, read the CLASSIC and get a new perspective on the doings of man in the cities below you. It is a book for mountain-tops!

At the seashore?

There are numerous odd moments left lying around loose by Father Time at the seashore. Get the July number of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for these—and you will discover the truth of the old proverb about *Tempus fugit*!

That young-old veteran of the screen, Bobby Harron, who will be long remembered for his work in various Griffith screen classics, tells Frederick James Smith, in one of the most interesting interviews of the month, of the early days of the photoplay.

Katherine MacDonald, the American beauty of the silversheet, gives away gratis her beauty secrets to Emma-Lindsay Squier, who, after taking advantage of the knowledge for herself, passes it on to you.

There is an animated autobiography of the eighteen-year-old aerial screen wonder, Antrim Short, and another one of "The Curly Kid," Cullen Landis, both of which will convince you that despite the handicap of being screen stars—boys will be boys.

And, of course, the new novelizations, and the new summer pictures, and the new tidbits of gossip by some "One Who Knows" will interest you.

The Motion Picture Classic

175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Is a New Form of Stage Art Dawning?

(Continued from page 46)

Dresden shepherd and shepherdess, little dancers yellow as canaries, all against the haze of gold that is the only "scenery," the whole thing like the lovely disembodied essence of the eighteenth century ballet. Again, for the closing number, the stage is hung with a great, dull green, figured tapestry, and set only with a winding staircase and an oaken chest. Yet the imagination at once, and gladly, builds a dim ancestral hall, a far more spacious and beautiful hall than any realistic stage carpenter could erect, even working for David Belasco. The bride-to-be takes her ancestral bridal veil from the chest, and wonders about all the other brides who have worn it in the past. Then down the winding stairs they come, brides and bridesmaids, all in silver and white against the dull green tapestry, in the quaint costumes of the ages gone, to file at last in stately procession across the stage made mystical by a gauze which has slowly fallen.

Still again, against a black cloth which eats up every ray of light, four little dramas are enacted by players who are in full radiance, who are thus burningly focussed, as it were, upon midnight. Of course, just such an effect as this was thrillingly used by Reinhardt in his pantomime, "Sumurun." But it is strange enough in Broadway musical comedy, and its possibilities there are as yet untouched, for the stimulation of emotion and the concentration of attention on pose or rhythm.

Not all of "What's in a Name?" is, of course, thus successful in at once stimulating the imagination and achieving the effects of new and striking beauty. Some of the settings, indeed, are ugly rather than beautiful, and others do not comport with the action which takes place before them. However, there are enough and plenty to give the spectator that curious sensation of a new form of art, at least of a new form of musical entertainment, struggling to get itself born.

If I could tell what this new form might be, I might set at once about assisting to create it, instead of writing this paper. My feeling is that its birth will wait upon the advent of a composer of striking talent who is also well enough versed in the ways of the theater to work hand-in-glove with scene designer, costumer, producer, as well as librettist, (at present our composers do not even understand how to work with librettists). When this composer arrives, he will wed his most beautiful music to imaginative settings, to lovely costumes, to exquisite women, to brilliant singers and deft comedians and pantomimists, and something new, something delightful and stimulating and altogether lovely will result. It will not be the Russian ballet; it will still have the gaiety and merry sparkle of musical comedy, and no loss of the sung or spoken work. But neither

will it be a disjointed string of sublimated vaudeville turns, (which, for all its merits, "What's in a Name?" ultimately remains). It will have unity, coherence, the satisfying benediction of a beginning, a middle and an end. But it will take us far from reality, far from the ancient "ballrooms" and "casinos" of the musical comedy of the present, into a land of pure imagination and delight, where beauty will smite upon every sense and every sense be satisfied.

A considerable order, you may say. Perhaps. But the beginnings are here already. At any rate, it is odd and rather amusing to find the new stagecraft, praised as well as practiced first by the estoteric and scorned by the mob, finding its way at last into the playhouse thru the lowly portals of music comedy. The joke seems to be on everybody, both on Gordon Craig and Mr. Ziegfeld.

The Slim Princess

(Continued from page 65)

penalties. He ordered us home. We sailed. I left a note for Pike. I told him his image should be my life-long companion, my dearest image. I sprinkled the pages with my hot tears and filled the envelope with petals of the dead roses.

Morovenia, a month later.

Pike is a miracle. I should have known that.

Tomorrow we are to be married, in my father's garden, where, that first day, he dropped, from Allah, at my very feet.

Last week he appeared at the palace. He told my father he sought his daughter in marriage. My father was sad and indignant as well. He told Pike of the sad state of things in the palace. Pike asked to see the Princess. Jeneka was sent for. Pike said some things to her, such funny things. They made Jeneka's six, (she has six now), double chins dance all around in a sort of seething rage. Then I was sent for . . . my father, with reluctance. I saw Pike, and we were in each other's arms.

"You came . . . this far," I sobbed. "I would have sailed the Seven Seas," he said.

"You came for me?" I said, clinging as the vines in my father's garden cling to the sunny wall.

"For you alone . . . out of all the world . . ." he said. My father, unbelieving, turned his face away from the infidel's kiss.

He told my father that he is High Exalted Ruler of the Elks and a great many other things, King of the Nib Nobs, or something of the sort . . . His royalty made him eligible, and his millions!

Tomorrow we are to be married . . . the little bird against my heart has quickened to life . . . to song . . . tomorrow . . . !

Marshall Neilan's "Dont Ever Marry"

*From the story by E. Franklin
Adapted to the screen by
Marion Fairbanks
And directed by Marshall Neilan
Lighting Effects by Howard Knapp
Production Director Sam Cade
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Presented by
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Tell your exhibitor to get in immediate touch with his exchangeman, or with Mr. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 130 West 46th Street, New York City, regarding this film and the local contest.

Can Motion Pictures Elect a President?

(Continued from page 72)

of a popular magazine. Its appeal to the public is along the same general lines, and frequently it draws from the same contributors—authors, artists, explorers and news reporters. The work of prominent cartoonists is no longer confined to reproduction by the printing press. Think, for example, of the influence of one cartoon a day carrying a message to sixteen million people; also of the opportunities presented in the paragraphic comments on current events, or a judicious editing of the news weekly scenes, to mention three of the more obvious channels for conveying propaganda.

Suppose the future should bring some such clear-cut national issue as Bryan raised in 1896 when he threatened the gold standard. Could the potency of a sound money screen be questioned? Much of the difficulty met in presenting an economic problem in terms understandable to the lay mind would be overcome by animated drawings of the type that J. R. Bray even now is applying with marked success to scientific subjects. Cartoonists and paragraph writers would level a steady fire of satire and ridicule at the candidate and his platform and the news scenes would be selected with a view toward popularizing the favored nominee, who stood as the champion of a menaced people. Cleverly handled, all this, and considerably more, could be accomplished without detracting from the entertainment value of a program.

Beyond, lies the alluring field of subtle propaganda awaiting cultivation by the psychologist who reads the compass of human emotions and knows that a grain of thought administered in a sugar coating may grow into a vital force of action.

Half-an-Hour

(Continued from page 68)

Lady Lillian shrugged her bare, beautiful shoulders. "One is so liable to be melodramatic before dinner.

Gad! What a superb creature she was! Breeding—that's what does it! Richard Garson looked at her humbly, with the eyes of a great, rough, worshipful dog. After all, why shouldn't she lord it over him? She was a hundred times better than he—a thousand times! He offered his arm to Mrs. Redding with a swagger which seemed to say, "Fine woman, eh? Fine as they make 'em.

Redding followed, thinking anticipatively of the venison pastry. Dr. Brodie turned to his hostess, bowing. The Lady Lillian, pale, exquisite, laid one slim white hand on his sleeve. "That was an interesting story, doctor," she drawled, "but a trifle—overdrawn, don't you think? I wonder if you weren't a bit unfair to the lady—perhaps she'll confess everything and be forgiven and make an exemplary wife after all, who knows?"

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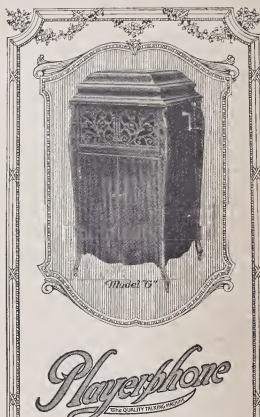
The Greatest of Popularity Contests

Little did we know what we were starting when we announced this greatest of popularity contests. Just at first, owing to the delays in our publications, coupons were slow in returning, but the past two months have brought literally showers of coupons to our editorial offices.

Here is the result of the contest at the time that this issue went to press:

Mary Pickford, 20,450; Pearl White, 11,456; Norma Talmadge, 9,978; Nazimova, 5,607; Constance Talmadge, 4,850; Viola Dana, 3,100; Lillian Gish, 1,650; Shirley Mason, 1,612; Mary Miles Minter, 1,551; Elsie Ferguson, 1,411; Ruth Roland, 1,411; Dorothy Gish, 1,252; Marguerite Clark, 1,200; Theda Bara, 1,051; Anita Stewart, 954; May Allison, 954; Ethel Clayton, 851; Baby Marie Osborne, 802; Marie Walcamp, 754; Geraldine Farrar, 703; Vivian Martin, 603; Alice Lake, 603; Olive Thomas, 603; Irene Castle, 556; Gloria Swanson, 556; Priscilla Dean, 556; Pauline Frederick, 556; Margarita Fisher, 556; Bebe Daniels, 488; Mae Murray, 488; Marion Davies, 488; Dorothy Dalton, 450; Marie Prevost, 450; Mme. Petrova, 403; Ann Little, 403; Marjorie Daw, 403; Alice Joyce, 350; Wanda Hawley, 350; Jane Novak, 301; Katherine MacDonald, 250; Betty Compson, 250; Juanita Hansen, 250; June Caprice, 250; Mae Marsh, 203; Mildred Reardon, 203; Clara K. Young, 148; Carmel Myers, 148; Virginia Lee Corbin, 148; Enid Bennett, 100; Kathryn Williams, 100; Mary Thurman, 100; Fannie Ward, 100; Lina Cavalieri, 52; Bessie Love, 52; Mary Garden, 52; Ruth Stonehouse, 52; Blanche Sweet, 50; Dorothy Phillips, 50; Louise Lovely, 50; Marguerite de la Motte, 50; Catherine Calvert, 50.

William Hart, 8,200; Wallace Reid, 6,902; Richard Barthelmess, 6,700; Douglas Fairbanks, 5,950; Eugene O'Brien, 5,700; William Farnum, 5,452; Charles Ray, 4,803; Antonio Moreno, 4,451; Douglas MacLean, 3,901; J. Warren Kerrigan, 3,550; Tom Mix, 3,352; Charles Chaplin, 3,052; Elliott Dexter, 2,451; Thomas Meighan, 2,350; Ben Alexander, 1,854; Tom Moore, 1,552; Rod La Rocque, 1,300; William Russell, 1,151; Kenneth Harlan, 952; George Walsh, 952; Harrison Ford, 848; John Barrymore, 848; William Duncan, 802; Bert Lytell, 802; Ralph Graves, 700; Tom Forman, 651; Harry Northrup, 548; Robert Warwick, 548; Conway Tearle, 500; Louis Bannison, 500; Francis McDonald, 451; Cullen Landis, 352; Monte Blue, 300; Robert Gordon, 300; Sessue Hayakawa, 249; Charles Meredith, 200; Jack Pickford, 200; Earle Williams, 200; Eddie Polo, 152; Eddie Lyons, 152; King Baggot, 98; Mahlon Hamilton, 98; Frank Keenan, 51; Monroe Salisbury, 51; Roscoe Arbuckle, 51; Francis X. Bushman, 51.



THE exquisite charm of the human voice, with all its sweetness and personal magnetism, is faithfully reproduced in the rich, full tones of the **PLAYERPHONE**.

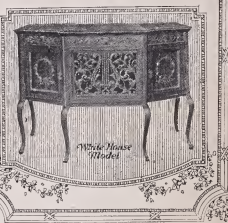
That rare and unique tone value, peculiar to the **PLAYERPHONE**, has made it an instrument unexcelled, and eminent among music lovers everywhere. The superb finish, hand carving and artistry of the Beautiful **PLAYERPHONE** cabinet is the work of our own master craftsmen, done in our new **Playerphone** factory recently completed, covering almost one-half block, four stories high, especially built for the exclusive manufacture of **PLAYERPHONES**.

The **PLAYERPHONE** specially designed tone arm, reproducer and newly invented weight adjuster plays all makes of disc records perfectly without any change of equipment and to the advantage of each record.

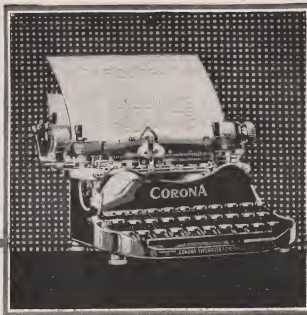
Before buying a gramophone insist on your dealer demonstrating to you a **PLAYERPHONE**, the talking machine with the human tone. Dealers can procure the **PLAYERPHONE** agency through well-known jobbers who carry a full line of **PLAYERPHONES** for immediate delivery, and back the **PLAYERPHONE** with their own reputation. The **PLAYERPHONE** comes in nine different styles and sizes ranging from \$110 to \$500. Each **PLAYERPHONE** guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Is now being advertised monthly in this and several other leading publications. A few select jobbing territories still open.

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D. W. MCKENZIE, W. D. CALDWELL,
Pres. Treas.



Third



Prize

Second Prize



Fourth Prize



Ninth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

Sixth Prize



THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical geni have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value \$160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First



Prize

SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value \$65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value \$50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Gittie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Can not blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it on your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.

Fifth Prize



Seventh and Eighth Prizes



Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall Street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

SHADOWLAND, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the three great magazines of the motion picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read SHADOWLAND, the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot	May	1920 ballot
January	1920 ballot	June	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot	July	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot	August	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot	September	1920 ballot
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Country.....

(Dated).....

Class Number 2

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with votes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Country.....

(Dated).....

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

Wave Your Own Hair
IN 20 MINUTES BY THIS SIMPLE
LITTLE DEVICE WITHOUT HEAT

WEST ELECTRIC
Hair Curlers



Produce a most beautiful and lasting wave.
Cannot cut, catch, break or injure the hair.
Card of 5-25¢ Card of 2-10¢

WEST HAIR NETS
Gold Seal Tourist Each and Motor
25c 50c 1.00

Gray and White Double Price. Pull hair
into curls by hand from long, strong
human hair. Free from knots.
Perfect match in all shades,
including gray and white.
In use at most good
Stores or mail order.
In receipt of price
and your dealer's name.



Look to
this folding
chart.

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

This Key to Success

Is valuable only when it is fitted in the right door. Once the door is found it leads into a land of a thousand opportunities.

The American College of Literary Arts and Crafts is ready to help you find this door. Send for our "Open Door" booklet for full particulars.



175 DUFFIELD STREET BROOKLYN, N. Y.
We Believe in Everybody Who Believes in Himself

So This Is Paris!

(Continued from page 25)

the pantomime, too," she said, "next I shall sing with Mr. Caruso in ze grand opera. Who knows?"

Who indeed?

I asked her how, all in all, she liked America.

"I adore her," she said, "I marry an American husband, Mr. Ray Goetz, my manager."

"What do you think," I said, "of the American man in relation to the American woman? It seems to be, from Mr. Ibanez' point of view, a form of slavery."

"That ees the French point of view, also," she said, "ze American man is slave to the American woman. *Oui, oui*. In France a woman say to her husband, 'I go such and such a place this afternoon,' an' he say to her, thunder-voice, 'You stay at home where you belong.' Here, in America, an American woman say ze same thing to her husband, an' he say, 'All right, darling, run along.'"

I laughed. Who could help it? "What do you think is the reason of this?" I inquired.

"*Bien* . . . it ees again, the way you are born. The American woman is so man-lee."

"Then, correlatively, is the American man effeminate?"

"*Mais non*. *Non*. He ees brought up that way, from ze cradle. From tiniest babyhood he play with his leetle sister, his friend, his cousin, and it ees always that he must give up to them, wait upon them, take care of them and be nice to them. He knows onlee that way."

"Do you think it is the right way?"

Tradition spoke. "*Non*. Woman should be subservient to man. It ees right that way. But if we love a man we do as he say . . . and so it comes to ze same thing . . . *non*?"

"As husbands?" I observed, tellingly. I knew it! The brown, the brilliant eyes rolled again, and the so-expressive shoulders shrugged, *la, la!* . . .

"*Parfait!*" she said; "I will tell you I have had—*both*. A French husband, too. So I know. The American man as a husband . . . he ees so kind . . . so good. He do everything for you. He ees everything to you. You are everything to him. A woman means so much to an American man. She ees all the world. He ees divine!"

She blew a kiss American-husband-wards.

I thought, she is like that . . . blowing kisses to a world. Like Paris, as we think of her, too. Gay Paree, insouciant, a-gleam. Grave Paris, with a heart of tragedy, bared for her own defense. The Irene Bordoni who sang, not so long ago, "The Marseillaise." The Irene Bordoni who is singing, today, Cleopatra, the Vamp, Cleopatra, the Scamp . . . Paris—come to New York.

X-BAZIN

Famous FRENCH Depilatory
for removing hair

A delicately perfumed powder; removes hair, leaves skin smooth, white; for arms, limbs, face; 50c, also \$1.00 size, which includes mixing cup and spatula.

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Sample and Booklet



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For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

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Best Reducer, Price \$6.00
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Would You Give Five Dollars to be Good Looking?

If you have always been plain and unattractive, why remain so, when I can show you how to become a self-made beauty in ten short lessons! Do you want an attractive face, soft appealing eyes, well-shaped chin, perfect form, dainty hands, graceful shoulders, clear complexion, and soft skin? "BEAUTY CULTURE" consists of full instructions on how YOU can obtain all the above-mentioned beauties, no matter what age or appearance you may have. Spend a few minutes each day on these lessons and you'll be surprised how rapidly your looks are changing just to what you want them. Here are only a few of the subjects dealt on: Lesson 1—How to attain dainty feet and ankles. How to walk gracefully. 2—How to minimize or reduce, and proper exercise for neck, shoulders, form, and soft skin. 3—The harm in using creams and beauty deos, and how to become beautiful naturally. 4—How to get soft, appealing, melting eyes, and a dainty little mouth. 5—What clothes to wear if you are a blond, brunette, etc. 6—How to get delicate little hands that will be the admiration of your friends. 7—How to get a beautiful face with delicate and fascinating features. 8—True beauty, and where I found it. The price of "Beauty Culture" with the ten lessons complete is only \$5.00, and it is GUARANTEED.

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**Beautifully
Curly, Wavy
Hair Like "Nature's Own"**

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curlicues will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is either sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for thin hair. Directions with bottle. At your Druggist's.